

MUSICAL AMERICA

Founded in 1898 by John C. Freund

VOLUME XLIX - FEBRUARY 25, 1929 - NUMBER 7

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COVER DRAWING BY Harold Jacobs

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Published Semi-Monthly at 235 East 45th Street

A Unit of Trade Publications, Inc.

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Telephone 0820, 0822, 0823 Murray Hill

Private Exchange Connecting All Departments

Cable Address: "MUAMER"

For the United States, per annum	\$2.00	For all other foreign countries	\$3.00
For the United States, two years	3.00	Price per copy	.15
For Canada	2.00	In foreign countries	.15

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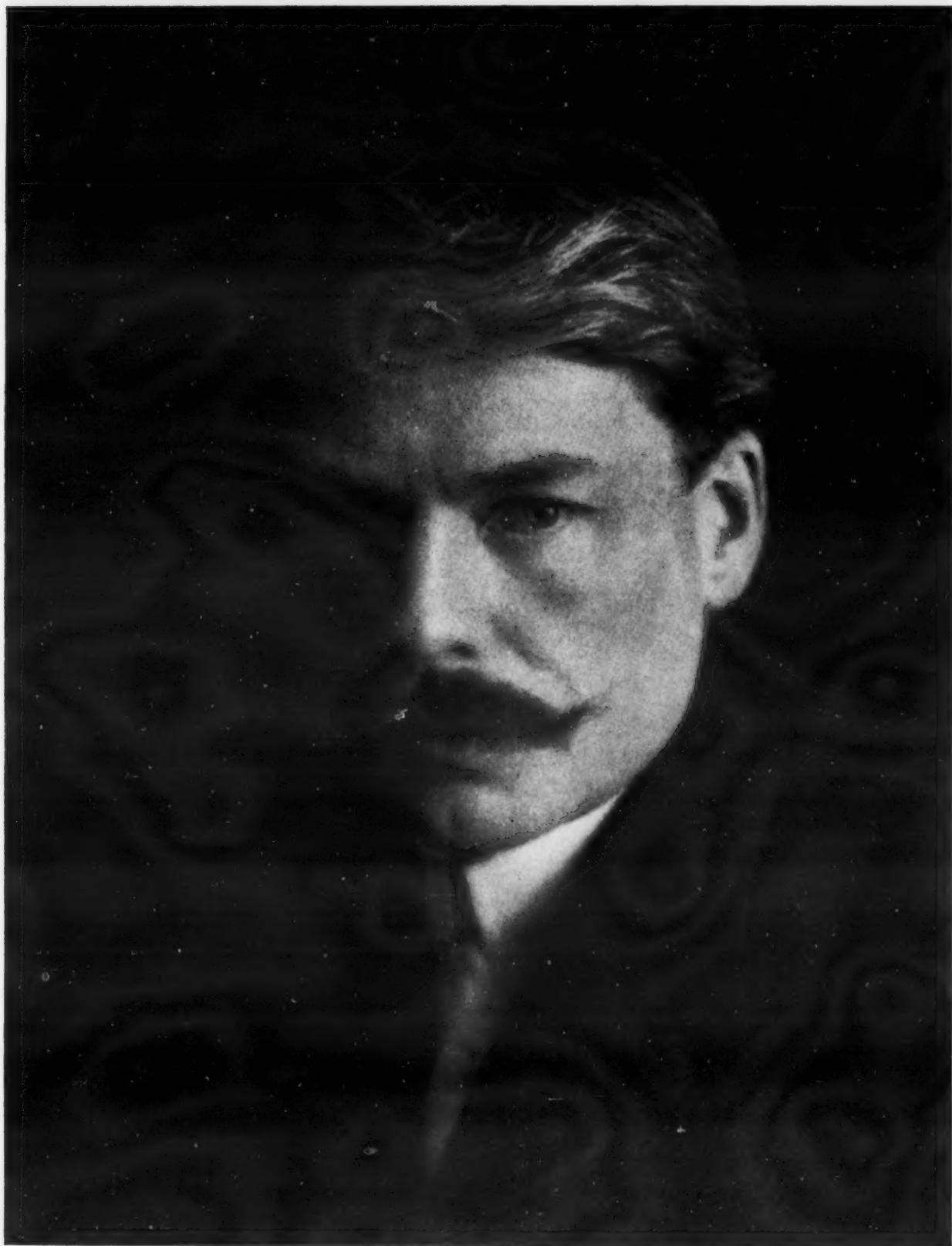
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DUE to an oversight, the publisher's announcement in the last issue of MUSICAL AMERICA did not explicitly state that the life of subscriptions to this magazine would be extended and adjusted in accordance with the new price of two dollars a year. In other words, all subscriptions that are now current at the old price of five dollars will be lengthened automatically from the date of the last issue until the subscribers have received the full number of issues for which they originally subscribed.

VERNE PORTER,
President.





Courtesy of Mrs. MacDowell

December 18, 1861

Edward MacDowell

January 23, 1908

Volume XLIX
Number Seven

MUSICAL AMERICA

New York
Feb. 25, 1929

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

AN ESTIMATE OF THE ANOMALY THAT IS MACDOWELL

By Herbert F. Peyster

TWENTY-ONE years after his death, Edward MacDowell is less the greatest figure in American music than its greatest anomaly. He is not a popular composer, in spite of "To a Wild Rose" and "To a Water Lily." To the average musician he is a vague and apparently negligible quantity. Only a small number of his best works lend themselves to the uses of the modern concert room. Conductors have virtually forgotten that he wrote for orchestra. Singers know next to nothing about his songs. His best friends are still the pianists, who have served one or two of the sonatas rather handsomely as things go and who occasionally remember the grateful, if scarcely incandescent D Minor Concerto.

All this lies well in the tradition of the outlived and superseded composer. But unless you were born scorning MacDowell (and many were) you will be amazed on revisiting the bulk of what he wrote twenty-eight or thirty odd years ago at the vitality and freshness it preserves as compared with the wan and ineffectual state of innumerable compositions more recent in date and more calculatingly modish in feature.

The "Sea Pieces" and the "Fireside Tales" oppose to the fleeting decades a much bolder and more resisting front than do the myriad confections of 1905 to 1915, which deftly skimmed the luminous bubbles of the Debussyian broth. There is a kind of timelessness about the "Keltic" Sonata which you will vainly seek in yester-year's pageantry of the League of Composers or Donaueschingen. The truth is that MacDowell was largely unconcerned about his era. The simplicity of his nature, the slant of his vision, the character of his technic and the narrow scope of his individuality immunized him against the lure of Debussy and Strauss. Also they kept his gaze averted from that mocking will-o-the-wisp which leads composers to "express the spirit of the age" and then wickedly mires them in the tenacious bog of the calendar. Moreover, MacDowell gave more to Debussy—his fellow student of Paris Conservatoire days—than Debussy gave to him. They were Celts under the skin and when Celt meets Celt strange atavisms mount to the surface.

As in the case of César Franck, the greater part of MacDowell's creative life was a preparation for the handful of major works which came forth near the end of it. It took him long to get the Raff and the Liszt out of his system. The D minor piano concerto is a kind of photographic composite, like three snapshots taken on the same film. His own profile is partly discernible on top of Liszt's and Grieg's. But he never would have survived on the sole strength of this useful piece.

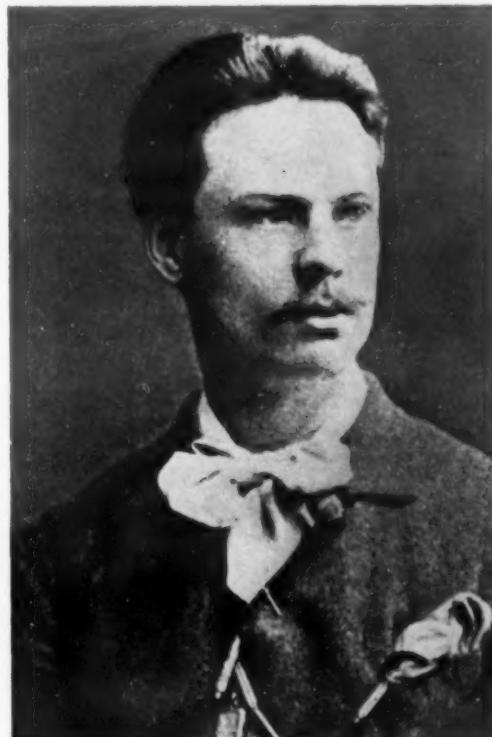
Even the first two sonatas, despite splendid pages and indisputable beauties, are tentative. The MacDowell who lives on sturdily, but almost unperceived in this turbulent contemporary market-place, is the poet of the "Woodland Sketches," the "Fireside Tales," the "Sea Pieces," the "New England Idylls," and the "Norse" and the "Keltic" sonatas and the last three sets of his songs.

Perhaps one should add to these the "Indian Suite." But aside from the unparagoned "Dirge" there is something mildly infelicitous about this work which always mitigates its fascination. It has a way of sounding thin and diminutive beside the standard and the modern components of the orchestral repertory. In its comparative bulk it is still appreciably smaller than the *thumb nail* sketches of the sea.

Like Schumann, like Hugo Wolf, MacDowell's mentality passed into eclipse and disintegration at a time when it should have been poised, filed and balanced for its finest flights. But

unlike Schumann's, MacDowell's art was no registering barometer of tragic import. The gray, diffuse, hollow and God-forsaken music of Schumann's later day is at every step premonitory—indeed, almost out-and-out clinical. The invention is irretrievably blighted, the mental grip has helplessly relaxed.

YET IN MacDowell's case the "Keltic" sonata or the "Fireside Tales" are without the slightest foreshadowings of sinister impairment. Lawrence Gilman, whose study of MacDowell after twenty years still remains unparalleled for authority, interpretation and penetrating



© Fred H. Stokes, N. Y.
EDWARD MACDOWELL AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

discernment, relates that in the sonata "there was hardly a bar that the composer wanted changed"; that he felt he had "scarcely ever written anything so rounded, so complete, in which the joining was so invisible." This is a modest estimate. There are few works of similar dimension in piano literature that maintain such an effortless continuity, such a seamless unity of structure and that convey with such baffling felicity the illusion of having been wrought at one spurt out of a single block, without hesitation, without thought of jointure. Whether the work meets all the traditional specifications of a sonata or whether it is no sonata at all does not in the slightest diminish the singular perfection of the thing as a formal and positive organism.

Wagner insisted that Beethoven's sonatas demanded a more intimate communion than public performance could possibly afford. This is certainly true of MacDowell's Idylls and Tales and Sketches. It is, perhaps, for the best that they do not haunt recital programs. Structurally most of the powerful and plangent little "Sea Pieces" are virtual counterparts of the "Keltic" sonata. But only two or three of them stand up well under public performance in a concert hall of average size. There is a fragility about pieces like the "Nautilus" and even like the iridescent "Wandering Iceberg," just as there is an ingenuousness and a sentimentalism about the "Fireside Tales" and the "New England Idylls," which defeats its own purpose under conditions of robust, pretentious exposure and maladjustments of mood. Nor are these often naïve tone

pictures vigorous enough in texture or strong enough in their emotional thrust to withstand, like Chopin or Schumann, every unsympathetic impact of environment.

"MacDowell's music," wrote Elizabeth Fry Page a couple of years after the composer's death, "has the charm of infinite variety." This, of course, is exactly what it has not. Its range of expression is limited, its resources of melody, harmony and procedure are circumscribed. Even the "Norse" and the "Keltic" sonatas—perhaps the most successfully sustained of MacDowell's few long-breathed

efforts—show an underlying uniformity which seems imposed by necessity rather than adopted through conviction. You might interchange the titles of half a dozen pieces from the "Woodland Sketches," the "New England Idylls," or the "Fireside Tales" without particularly violating the suggestive properties of the music.

Undoubtedly a master like Debussy was in his way scarcely less cabined and confined, the helpless victim of his own devices. But the Frenchman's imagination was subtler and more plastic, his grasp of forms more resilient and illusive, his mastery of artifice more facile and diverse. The sentiment of "From a Log Cabin" or "By Smouldering Embers," even the impressionisms of "In Deep Woods" and the "Wandering Iceberg" endure the glare and spaciousness of the concert hall far less congenially than the plangent sonorities of the "Cathédrale Engloutie" or the flashing superficies of the "Poissons d'Or." And yet the romantic sense of MacDowell is in the test absolutely authentic and sincere. True enough, the man had a streak of mawkishness in him, but it rarely defiled his best work. The tenderness and melancholy of the "New England Idylls" are age-old and unbesmirched emotions. Turn from them as you may amid the blare and excitement of contemporary activities, they will bide their time and have their day.



© Fred. H. Stokes

THE COMPOSER AT THE AGE OF SIX

products or those who follow into swamp and perdition the atonal paths and the polytonal leads. His meadow brooks and his log cabins seem aloof and remote from the traffic lights and the radios. In his own day he was disposed to look upon himself as a Celt. He delighted openly in the "color and meaning" of the Celtic influence. He was much occupied with the Cuchullins, the Deirdres, the Ferguses, the Connas and the rest and he read them into the "Keltic" sonata. He had the Celt's love of

(Continued on page 63)



Prescient

By Ruth Langland Holberg

Her deep old eyes are black as cloves,
Set over cheeks like winter apples.
She sits with her thoughts and pattering doves
Under the grapes and the bright sun dapples
Her silver hair with yellow coins.

Her daughter's child plays in the dust,
The sun rings 'round His head—is it
The sun that hurts her eyes?
Why must
The apple boughs stretch out to fit
A tall and ghostly cross-barred tree?

But now He leans upon her knee
And all His fragrance penetrates
Like balm—and there is naught to
see
But sun and shade and pasture
gates,
And Mary calling from the door

WHEN EDWARD MacDOWELL died, on January 23, 1908, he had barely entered upon his forty-eighth year.

It is well to remember that; for it is rather usual today to record his passing as the close—possibly a little premature—of a career that, if it was not actually on the wane, had well reached its zenith. ☺ ☺ Yet the tragic untimeliness of MacDowell's death can hardly be exaggerated. To realize just how untimely it was, recall that he was the junior of Edgar Stillman Kelley, George W. Chadwick, and Arthur Foote, all of whom are still living and working; that, had he lived, he would, even now, still lack five years of the age at which Verdi finished "Otello." Had Wagner died at forty-eight, the world would be the poorer by "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," "Die Meistersinger," and "Parsifal."

☺ ☺ I cite these statistics because they are significant. Superb as MacDowell's achievements were—and he touched greatness on many occasions—he left the bulk of his work undone. The eight formative years that he spent in Germany, while they gave him a superlative technical equipment, greatly retarded his development as a distinct musical personality. Only toward the end of his short life did he throw off completely the influence of his master, Raff, and emerge as a conscious and articulate spokesman of the new world. ☺ ☺ Luckily, he lived long enough to leave us the proofs of his greatness, not only as a composer, but as the prophet and champion of the American school of music that, partly thanks to him, is now not far off. It is fitting that upon the twenty-first anniversary of his death a magazine devoted to music in his native land should pay him tribute—not in mourning for the passing of a man, but in admiration and affection for a great and living artist.

DEEMS TAYLOR.

February 25, 1929.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

LUCREZIA BORI

A Modern Daughter of the Borgias Who Holds Her Sway in Opera

WE VISIT MACDOWELL

AND LISTEN SECRETLY TO WHAT HE CALLED HIS "ROTTEN MELODIES"

By Mrs. Henry T. Finck

MY happiest memories of MacDowell are of the days when we visited in Peterboro, my husband and I. We were there several days, and were kept laughing much of the time by MacDowell's endless nonsense.

With MacDowell and his wife we often went driving in an old-fashioned surrey, the two "boys" sitting in front together, and when we spoke to them out would pop a head on each side of the carriage, looking, in their tweed caps, like "Dum and Dee" in "Through the Looking Glass." One day we had quite a heated debate about Christianity, the boys on the negative side, Mrs. Edward on the affirmative, and I lamely assisting her. She finished by saying, "Well, real Christianity is good enough for me," and almost in the same breath asked her husband to drive ahead of another team so that they might get our dust instead of we theirs. With a laugh, MacDowell remarked, "There's practical Christianity for you!" and we all joined in his amusement.

Blueberrying was one of our occupations, although MacDowell was sure that it would not amuse us. But it did, and he did still more, for he absolutely refused to pick a berry for the pails until he had eaten his fill of all blueberries and raspberries in the field. Then he graciously came and added a few berries to our heaping pails. He has such a comical expression of genial obstinacy while his wife urged him to work, and he stuffed with so much gusto, and looked so absurdly pleased with himself when he brought his few berries, that we all enjoyed it as much as he did.



THE LITTLE HOUSE "OF DREAMS UNTOLD" WHICH MACDOWELL BUILT AND WHERE HE COMPOSED IN WHAT HE THOUGHT—WRONGLY, WE FIND—WAS PRIVATE.

He told me one day, with much pleasure, how he had built the stone chimney in his cabin mainly with stone stolen from his neighbors' fences. Whether fate punished him for his repeated thefts I don't know, but the chimney smoked and was a great annoyance to its owner.

From that little cabin, "house of dreams untold," we often heard exquisite sounds as MacDowell wrestled with what he once called his "rotten melodies," but we never let him know, as he fondly believed himself to be absolutely alone with his pine trees and his piano.

The cabin was built on posts in the front, and MacDowell hoped that deer would take refuge there against the bitter winter cold.

ONE night he talked to me about his musical ideals, and I fairly held my breath, for I had never imagined that that reticent man would pour them out to me as he did. He had an idea, strange for a man so original as he, that musical composition would eventually be reduced to mathematical certainty on the basis of vibrations, and that originality would no longer exist. Yet he could say, "When a beautiful idea comes to you it is like a true inspiration, it uplifts you and makes you feel as if perhaps there is something beyond this life." He also said that it seemed that composition, making something out of nothing, was nearer the act of creation than anything else in this world, even writing. No wonder he enjoyed it so keenly, but, when he was unfit for work, it was like chasing a will-o-the-wisp to attempt to capture that ecstasy.



Dirge-like, mournfully
Langsam traurig. (p=80)

Flute

2nd Flute

Bassoon

2nd Clarinet

Horn in F

Trombones

Bassoon

Flute

Violin

Cello

Double Bass

A FAMOUS PAGE OF MACDOWELL MANUSCRIPT

The Dirge from the Indian Suite, in the Composer's Own Handwriting

Reproduced from the original in the Library of Congress at Washington

A LISTENER TO THE WINDS*

HOW MACDOWELL SAVED AMERICAN MUSIC FROM THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

By Rollo Walter Brown

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EDWARD MACDOWELL meant to prove that there was a place for the serious musician in the United States. When he was fifteen he had gone with his mother to Paris and studied for two years as a distinguished pupil in the National Conservatory; he had studied in Germany under Raff; he had taught in Germany and had married one of his American pupils; he had published compositions of interest; and from his German retreat he had looked out upon the world and drawn the conclusion that the place for him was back in his native country. Something of Walt Whitman's faith in democracy filled his spirit. There must be a place—a large place—for the artist in the United States. He meant to come home and occupy some part of this place himself, and reveal its possibilities to others.

For such an enterprise he possessed an interesting list of qualifications—a mere glimpse of the man would tell that. Far from being any long-haired, slender-fingered eulogist of moonbeams, he was a high-strung, energetic man for whom the whole business of existence was full of fascination. He was of more than average size—"the handsomest thoroughbred that ever stepped up to a golf ball"—and the mere spectacle of the world filled him with exhilaration. . . .

As might be expected, the characteristics of this man were sharply marked. There were no ambiguous areas; he was very much one thing or very much another. He was, for instance, overwhelmingly creative-minded. The world he saw before him was not merely to be reflected upon; it was to be made into something new that he liked. So in addition to composing, he planned gardens, he designed buildings, he decorated rooms with comforting fitness, he made photographs—of the Alps, of New England—that were not less than works of art, he arranged furniture in harmonious combinations, and he made sketches with such skill that distinguished painters tried to induce him to turn to their art even after he had taken up music. On every new set of elements in the world, he felt an invitation to exercise the creative will, to enjoy the repose of deep concentration, to feel the warm blood in his pinkish face until he made something of the materials before him. . . .

But when the eventual estimate of MacDowell is made, it will not disregard one fact: here was a poet, a Celtic poet, in the field of music—in the field of music in America. This fact illuminates many matters, if not all. It illuminates his love for folk-lore, his love for melody, his rebellious liberties with the classic forms, his devotion to suggestiveness, his own constant references to the poet in music, and his sharp feeling

*From *Lonely Americans*, by Rollo Walter Brown, by permission of the publishers, Coward-McCann, Inc.

of the impossibility of a music strictly national. Above all, it makes clear the absurdity of classifying him. In strict literalness, he was the only one of his kind. . . .

No man ever grew into a firmer conviction that the great new life must somehow spring from the great old. "In my opinion, the crying need of our American students of music is not opportunity for study—but opportunities to get in touch with what was our world up to the last four hundred years." If one could know the past without being fettered by it in one's efforts to live in the present, new fundamental conceptions and new modes of expression might easily be discovered.

IN THE course of his inquiries into the past he became more and more certain that whatever spirit American music assimilated from Europe would be from the north rather than from the south. In this conviction his Celtic inclinations found logical encouragement. . . . The spirit of these people whose blood coursed in his veins cried to him to express in his peculiar way the life he found in the Western Hemisphere. He wanted to go to the brightest reaches, the most serene levels, the most austere depths. It was not any mere question of entertaining jaded people with a few novel sounds. "I will confess," he wrote to one of his intimates, "that I have moments in my work that make me believe in the supernatural. All this, however, is a precious thing, nor can I remember ever having spoken of it. My ideal I cannot even approach: if I really thought music a mere mixture of sound, or a vibratory means of affecting the body, I would never dream of wasting the poor rest of my life at it."

All of his youthful enthusiasm, all of his mastery of technique, all of the naturalness of power that comes only with mature years, converged in what might reasonably be expected to be the height of his genius. The way now seemed so much clearer to him that he wished some of his compositions that came from the foggy days of his early gropings had never been published. He talked more and more about the necessity of having composers with "poetic conceptions" if America were to produce any music.

Ironically enough, just when he was seeing his own way with greatest clarity, he was reminded that the public did not understand him. "Why, he declares that a poem is at the bottom of a piece of music," men and women said. "Then music is not an art in itself at all." Between a "poetic conception" and a piece of verse there was in their minds no difference whatever. And others said, "He has expressed a bully idea. Let's get together and organize things and have some American composers." So they began to organize strictly Amer-

(Continued on page 60)





MUSIC IN TWO DIMENSIONS

MacDowell's Indian Suite as Visualized by Ernest Blumenschein

Photographed for Musical America from the original painting in Steinway Hall, New York,
and reproduced by courtesy of Steinway and Sons.

ORCHESTRAL MASTER WORKS

By Lawrence Gilman

No. XIII—SUITE No. 2 ("INDIAN"), OP. 48

EDWARD MACDOWELL

Born in New York, Dec. 18, 1861; died there Jan. 23, 1908
(Copyright, 1929, by Lawrence Gilman)

THIS suite, published in 1897, is MacDowell's most consequential work for orchestra, and one of the classics of American music. The thematic material, says a note in the score, was "suggested for the most part by melodies of the North American Indians." The late Henry F. Gilbert, who was a pupil of MacDowell's, has left us his recollections of the genesis of MacDowell's Suite.

"MacDowell," he wrote, "became somewhat interested in Indian lore and was curious to see some real Indian music. He asked me to look up some for him, so I brought him Theo Baker's book, *Die Musik der Nordamerikanischen Wilden*. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I knew of this book, but had forgotten about it.' From Baker's book the main themes of his *Indian* Suite are taken, and I had the immense satisfaction of seeing it grow up day by day and of finally attending its first performance by the Manuscript Society of New York.* . . . Although all the themes have been changed, more or less, the changes have always been in the direction of musical beauty, and enough of the original tune has been retained to leave no doubt as to its barbaric flavor."

* * *

According to Mr. Gilbert, the theme of the first movement of the Suite (*Legend*) "occurs in a sacred ceremony of the Iroquois. Although considerably altered as regards rhythmic values, the melodic contour is well preserved. A love song of the Iowas is used almost in its entirety as the theme of the second movement." The main theme of the third movement (*In War-time*) is said to be derived from a tune which the traditions of a tribe of Indians living upon the Atlantic Coast, shortly before the arrival of the white man, ascribed to a supernatural origin. Dr. Baker says that it was regarded as spirit music, and its use reserved for the highest ceremonies. "A Kiowa tune (a woman's song of mourning for her lost son) is used in the fourth movement (*Dirge*). In the last movement (*Village Festival*) a women's dance and war-song of the Iroquois are utilized."

* * *

Although there is no reason to believe that MacDowell in this Suite worked upon any such detailed dramatic plan as underlies, for example, his pympnomic poem, *Lancelot and Elaine*, it is evident that he was inspired by moods and pictures the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by the titles of the different movements. In the Suite as a whole he has caught and transfixed the essential character of its subject; these are the sorrows and laments and rejoicings, not of our own day and our modern world, but of the vanished life of a primitive and dying race: here is the solitude of dark forests, of vast and lonely prairies, and the sombreness and wildness of one knows not what stern tragedies and romances and festivities enacted in the shadow of a fading past.

* * *

1. **LEGEND** (*Not fast. With much dignity and character.* E minor, 2-2). The grimly terse and powerful

subject which opens the slow introduction to the first movement—proclaimed by three horns in unison, *fortissimo*, with a *pianissimo* response from a muted horn—might be regarded as the motto-theme of the work, for it is heard, in transformed guise or fragmentarily, in all but one of the five movements of the suite. In its starkness and taciturnity and sombre mystery it may have summed up in MacDowell's mind the salient aspects of the character of that race which the White Man so brightly and effectively swept off the earth to make room for his own god-like civilization, transforming the arrow into a collar and adorning the scene with chewing gum, tenement slums, filling stations, hot dog stands and billboard art.

The main body of the movement, in a tempo "twice as fast," is based on a subject (clarinets, bassoons, pizzicato chords for violas, 'cellos, basses, beneath a long trill on B in the violins), which later evolves into the second theme—the typically MacDowellish cantilena for the strings in C major, *ppp*.

II. **LOVE SONG** (*Not fast; tenderly.* A major, 6-8). The naive and wistfully romantic theme is set forth by the woodwind.

* * *

III. **IN WAR-TIME** (*With rough vigor, almost savagely.* D minor, 2-4). Two flutes in unison, unaccompanied, announce the vividly characteristic theme, and a pair of clarinets (also in unison) continue it. The savage energy and excitement of the first part subsides, and there is a dramatic interruption—an episode in slow time, in which a solo clarinet recalls, in a rhythmically altered form, the opening theme of the first movement, and hits at the theme of the *Dirge* that is to follow. The savage pace of the movement is resumed, and is accelerated to the wildly tumultuous end. Mr. Philip Hale found in the thematic substance of this movement "characteristic features of the Iroquois scalp-dance."

* * *

IV. **DIRGE** (*Dirge-like, mournfully.* G minor, 4-4). In this poignantly beautiful threnody MacDowell wrote his most affecting page. The extreme pathos of the opening section, with the wailing phrase in the muted strings under the reiterated G of the flutes and horns (an inverted pedal-point of sixteen measures); the indescribable effect of the solo horn behind the scenes, over an accompaniment of divided violas and 'cellos *con sordini*; the sorrowful tenderness of the succeeding passage for the strings (muted and *pppp*)—at first alone, then with oboe and flute in imitation; the distant, solemn trumpet phrase at the close: these are outstanding moments in an unforgettable achievement.

* * *

V. **VILLAGE FESTIVAL** (*Swift and light,* E major, 2-4). In this gay and boisterous movement the thematic subject-matter betrays its descent from that of the first movement—as if its songs and dances could not help but be tinged, in the imagination of the tone-poet with the inescapable tragedy of a vanishing race.

*The first public performance of MacDowell's *Indian* Suite was by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, January 23, 1896.



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THE FIRST SINGING OF THE MARSEILLAISE, FROM THE PAINTING BY PILS.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY

MORE LIGHT ON THE QUESTION OF WHAT MAKES GENIUS BURN

By Ray Nash

THE business of writing the American national anthem is thriving. At the beginning of the Civil War, when a number of Northerners put up \$500 in gold to secure an inspirational hymn for the Union, their offer sent tremors to the ends of the creative world. It elicited responses from all over America—the South, oddly enough, excepted—from England, and even from Italy. Today, in place of \$500, there is the Brooks-Aten offer of \$6,000. Instead of twelve hundred contestants, there are nearly as many thousands.

Concerning the Civil War contest contemporary writers record that the thirteen judges weltered in manuscripts for weeks, finally dismissing the project as hopeless. The story of the first prize contest for a national anthem almost confirms the critics who shout, usually in various keys of sentimentality, that genius will not burn money; that immortal music bursts forth during national crises, immaculately conceived.

Oddly enough, even as those patriots of the Civil War were looking for musical inspiration for the Union among

contest entries, the song which actually served the Northern cause was evolving with the help of rude army rhymsters. It was born while "The Tigers," officially the Second Battalion, Massachusetts Infantry, were plying pick and shovel on the earthworks of old Fort Warren, commanding the Boston Harbor. As they toiled they sang. And among their favorites was an old Methodist hymn to whose swinging rhythm they fitted jingling words; words having to do in particular with a Scottish wag, John Brown, who worked with them. Finally some wit, struck by the identity of the Scot's name with that of the hero of Ossawatomie's, hit off the lines which we know today as the first verse of "John Brown's Body." The tremendous popularity of Stephen Vincent Benét's present day epic of the same name proves the vitality of the theme; as Christopher Morley says, "A fire burns in it; its soul goes marching on." And this was the purely accidental origin of one of the most viable songs in the American music book.

The inception of "Dixie" appears to have been almost

as inadvertent, although the song was more purposefully launched. This moving Southern lyric was composed and written by an Ohioan named Dan Emmett a year or so before the outbreak of the Civil War. At that time Emmett was connected with Dan Bryant's Minstrel Show on Broadway, New York City, and he wrote the song to enliven a sagging play. Popular fancy was intrigued at once, and after trying vainly to adopt "The Bonnie Blue Flag" as the South's battle song, the Confederacy finally capitulated to the infectious strains of "Dixie." Forthwith it became, and remains to this day, the true expression of the South.

THESE two familiar songs have been called in testimony by both sides of the current controversy regarding inspired music and how it comes to be. To point out that money and inspiration will not mix, a syndicated editorial widely circulated recently has this to say: "National anthems aren't written in cold blood, so to speak. They have to have profoundly touching and moving associations interwoven in them, as 'Dixie' had in the South." To which another writer promptly responds, "No, anthems aren't written in cold blood—for your benefit I am still considering 'Dixie' an anthem—they are written for an express purpose. There wasn't anything like \$6000 in 'Dixie' for the writer, I suppose, but considering the time he spent on it, it probably paid him well enough. He did such a good job that the South adopted it, part and parcel. Your 'profoundly touching and moving associations' have been growing up around it ever since, and it has become a people's song. But what did any of these sentiments have to do with the writing of it?" So the charge of a priori reasoning is lodged against the stand-patters; and the stand-patters in turn reply that their indicters are vandals and iconoclasts. The contest now running has called forth numberless little spats of this kind, all aside from the central issue.

While on the subject of Civil War songs, "Home Sweet Home" deserves a line, John Howard Payne, an inveterate roamer, wrote the words, adapted them to an old Sicilian air, and put the whole to use in an English musical comedy. Payne was a native of New York. After a life of wandering, he became American consul at Tunis and died there in 1852. "Home Sweet Home" aroused such poignant nostalgia among the troops during the Civil War that edicts were frequently issued against its use. Here again a true emotion was made articulate in song; it lived and became part of the national music. Yet, we may be reminded, it was written for an English musical comedy; its composition was purposeful, its broad appeal purely accidental, or rather, incidental.

The "Marseillaise" was once pointed out by John Philip Sousa as a case in point. He related the story of its supreme example of lofty national baptism of fire in the dark days of France prior to the birth of the Republic. But his story was immediately challenged by those who assert that there is considerable occasion to doubt Rouget de l'Isle's authorship. And even if he were the writer, as Sousa believes, there remains a flaw in the theory of spontaneous inspiration, which is called to attention by Louis C. Elson. "Of the composer of the 'Marseillaise',

Elson writes in his "The National Music of America," "it must be added that he was by no means true to the principles of his great song, for he afterwards composed Legitimist, Royalist, and Imperialist songs. . . ." And when someone steps forward to insist that the tune was borrowed from an old German anthem, the romanticists are still further embarrassed.

MANY other songs which have shaped the course of history tremendously—"Lilliburlero" in seventeenth century England, the saucy doggerel which "rhymed James out of three kingdoms;" "Ca Ira," in the latter days of the French turbulence, written by a street singer after the title suggested by Benjamin Franklin; "God Save the King," "America," "Hail Columbia," and the rest—have such diverse motives behind them and so confused is their ancestry that to make any clear case regarding them is impossible.

There are but two instances of an anthem expressively composed for the use of a nation. One is the former Russian national anthem, written to order by Lvoff; the other is Haydn's national anthem of Austria, written in 1797, which lives today, although it has never reached the heights of popularity accorded their songs by many other nations.

Now we come to the hymn which serves America as national anthem at present. Richard Grant White believes that the "Star-Spangled Banner" air originated as an old French tune. It is generally conceded, however, to be borrowed from the English drinking song, "Anacreon in Heaven," which was presumably composed by Dr. Samuel Arnold, composer to His Majesty's Chapel, between the years 1770 and 1775.

It was Robert Treat Paine, son of the statesman by the same name, who gave the song its first patriotic American setting. Just one hundred and thirty years ago he wrote "Adams and Liberty" to the tune which now is identified with the "Star-Spangled Banner." The next phase of the metamorphosis was "Jefferson and Liberty," which appeared in Philadelphia with the publication of the "Patriotic Songster" in 1813. During the same year, "Jefferson and Liberty" was prominently featured at the

Boston celebration "in honor of the Russian achievements over their French invaders." This so shortly after Lafayette!

September 14 is the date American school children are taught as the birthday of the "Star-Spangled Banner." It was on this day in 1814 that Francis Scott Key, a poet of some attainments, infused the old drinking-political song with an emotional vitality which has kept it alive to the present. The historically obscure incident in the War of 1812 around which orators and sentimentalists forever wind their varicolored yarns is too familiar to bear repeating here.

After the rebellion of the South, the North was confronted with a serious predicament. There was nothing in their song about secession or rebels. Oliver Wendell Holmes came to the rescue and wrote a passably good stanza which was published in the *Boston Transcript* but went little farther. At the same time, a minor rebellion within a rebellion was proceeding when Key's descend-

(Continued on page 57)



Courtesy of the N. Y. Public Library

DAN EMMETT, THE COMPOSER OF "DIXIE," IN OLD AGE.



(Above)

Chorines of the Metropolitan Opera of a quarter of a century ago discovered at a strenuous rehearsal of "Walkure" on tour. Little would one suppose from glancing casually over these eight dainty damsels that that very evening they appeared as so many doughty Amazons.



Adelina Patti, at the height of her powers, some thirty years ago. She is accoutred in the usual charming straight-jacket effect of the time.



A snapshot of Antonio Scotti in a restful mood after learning the part of Baron Scarpia. It is rumored that Mr. Scotti later mastered this role completely and was able to sing it without reference to the score.

THE FAMILY ALBUM

In These Days They Were Still Singing "After the Ball"

PHOTOS BY BROWN BROTHERS



THAT IMPIOUS DUM-TE-DUM

SHOWING HOW JAZZ CREEPS IN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD

By F. Emerson Andrews

IN THEIR October convention, the United Lutheran Church in America decided to drop two well-known hymns on the basis of their being too inoculated with "jazz" for inclusion in the hymnal. The erring melodies are "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," which was first popularized in the revival meetings of "Billy" Sunday, the baseball evangelist, and "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," which appears in the Sunday school hymnals of many denominations and is also frequently used at funeral services.

The action of the Lutheran convention is simply the latest development in the process of adjustments between sacred and secular music. The makers of hymnals have always had to struggle between the austere music and heavy phraseology of the soberer church hymns and the lighter, livelier melodies the people preferred to sing.

Folk songs, ballads, portions of operas, even ditties from the music halls have at times crept into the hymnals. It is a long and curious story, beginning in the severe days of the early Latin fathers when even two-part singing outraged the pious, and continuing to the present incursions of jazz. It may be interesting to examine a few of the curiosities that have appeared, confining ourselves to hymns in the English language.

In the very earliest periods many of the hymns were mere folk songs and chants—invocations against all sorts of ills, from nightmare to ghosts. One of the most delightful of these is an old Cornish charm, which it is said may still be seen in cottage bedrooms:

From Ghoulies and Ghoosties,
Lang-leggety Beasties,
And things that go Bump in the night,
Good Lord, deliver us!

With one or two minor changes, many modern apartment-house dwellers might adopt it for their very own.

There comes also the "White Paternoster," still well known:

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on!
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head,
One to watch and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.

Frederick John Gillman, from whose study of early hymnody many of these examples are taken, quotes also a curious evening hymn of mingled Latin and English, which he alleges to be an invocation against nightmare:

*In nomine Patris, up and downe,
Et Fili, et Spiritus Sancti, upon my crowne,
Crux Christii upon my brest,
Sweet Ladie, send me eternall rest.*

Early hymns and songs of the churches were not regarded too seriously, as is sufficiently indicated by the title of Coombs' "Divine Amusement for the Use of Churches, Chapels, Schools, and Family," and even more quaintly by the introductory verse to Coverdale's "Ghoostly Psalms and Spirituall Songs," published between 1530 and 1540. This dedicatory verse reads:

Be not ashamed, I warrande thee,
Though thou be rude in songe and ryme,
Thou shalt to youth some occasion be
In godly sports to pass theyr tyme.

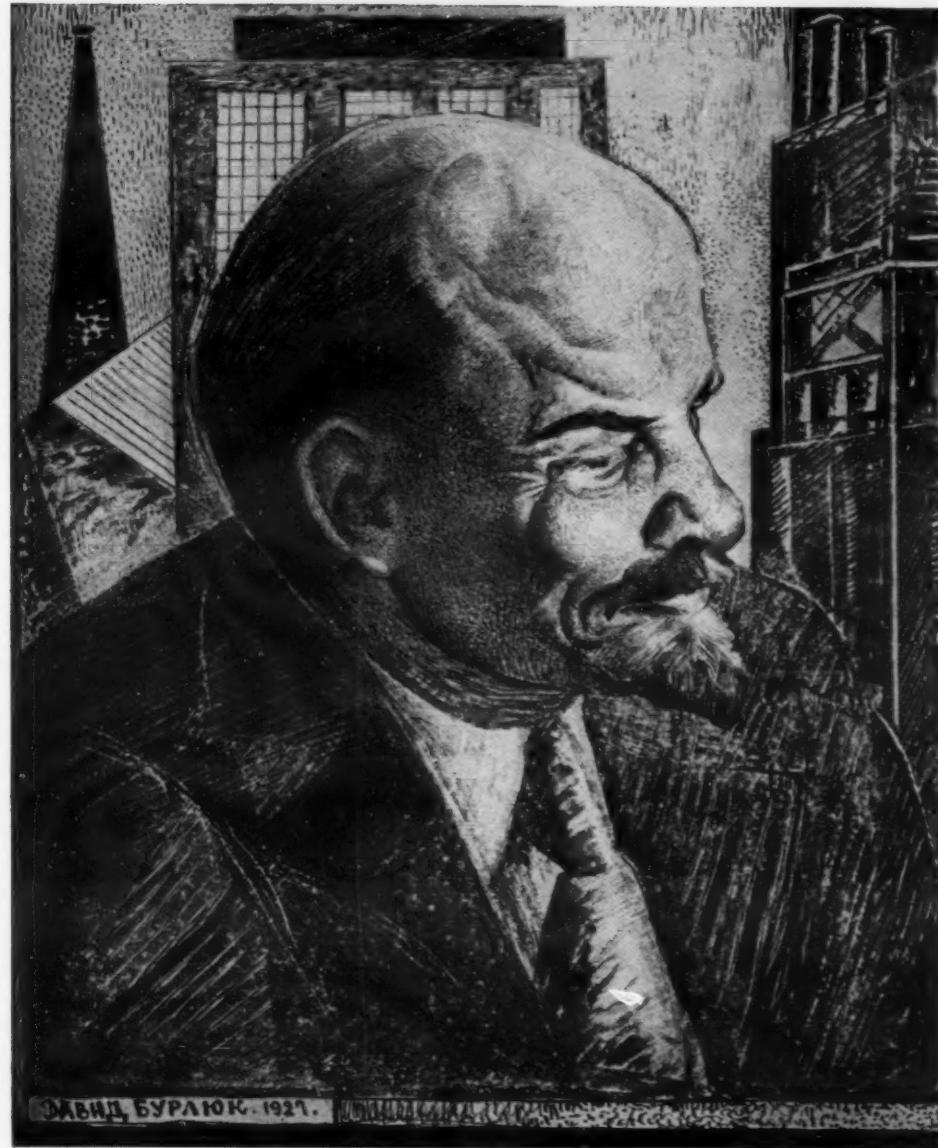
ALL early singing, however, was by no means "godly sport." Desperate efforts were made to create a body of serious music for the church, and since the Psalms of David seemed particularly to lend themselves to this use, they were all metricised and set to music. The result was not always all that could have been desired, and the Psalms themselves were sometimes not very Christian in their sentiments. Day's "Psalter," published in 1562, contains this gory example, to be intoned by the meek followers of the Lamb:

O God, break Thou their teeth at once,
Within their mouth throughout;
The tusks that in their great chaw bones
Like lions' whelps hang out.

The confusion of the days of Henry VIII and the sudden change from the Roman Catholic Church to the Church of England had their effect upon the common people, and in many parts of England religion was at a low ebb. The people were singing, for Pan and his Pipes

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LENIN

From a Drawing by David Burliuk

THAT the Russian Dictator understood the value of music and believed it to be one of the greatest aids in achieving the revolution is revealed in Mr. Narodny's article on the opposite page. Mr. Narodny,

a friend of Lenin's and Rimsky-Korsakoff's, in this article, adds to the story of the revolution a little touch that may have been of the greatest importance. It will at least be of interest to American believers in music.



THE MUSICAL AX OF RUSSIA

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN HOW A CZAR LOSES HIS HEAD BY A TUNE

By *Ivan Narodny*

THE RUSSIAN revolution was greatly inspired and sustained by music. Lenin knew the psychological value of melody and rhythm, and felt the need of a new musical literature that should express the communistic spirit; yet he feared the effect proletarian control of industry might have on music. Nevertheless the *Dubinushka* and the *Varshavianka*, like the *Marseillaise* in the French revolution, played a historic role in inoculating the minds of the emotional intelligentsia with "germs" of revolt and heroism.

It was not the so-called proletariat who overthrew fossilized czarism, but a handful of dreamers among the poor journalists. It happened like a fairy tale before my eyes, and it is difficult to believe that it actually came true.

The terrific upheaval that affected one-sixth of the world's territory originated in the first Bolshevik Congress held in Tammerfors, Finland, in December, 1905. Lenin presided. I attended with Professor M. Reusner; we were delegates of the Revolutionary Society of Narva, and Nicholas Burenin, now a Soviet diplomat abroad, is the only other surviving member of that memorable meeting in the Hotel Bauer.

Rimsky-Korsakoff was staying in the hotel, and as he was a friend of the Bolshevik Party and was acquainted with Lenin, Reusner and myself, he invited us all to dinner and inquired about the program of the meeting.

A few weeks previously I had discussed with Rimsky-Korsakoff the plan of a revolutionary opera on the theme of Stenka Rasin, the legendary rebel of Russia in the time of Catherine the great. Rimsky-Korsakoff was working on his *Coq d'Or* and other compositions, and said he would be very much interested in writing such an opera if I would prepare a libretto, or at least an outline of one. As I had, for the time being, left literature and was concerned only with direct revolutionary journalism, I was unable to do what Rimsky-Korsakoff asked; but he took up the subject again on the occasion of his dinner in Tammerfors.

"Comrades," he said, "you must not forget music in your conspiracy to overthrow the rule of the czar. You know the ancient authors of Greece, Pythagoras and Plato, maintained that the secret of the poor people lay in their knowledge and use of proper rhythm. Legends tell us of cities and armies—like Jericho, Babylon, etc.—that were destroyed by the use of proper rhythmic magic. Christianity triumphed over Roman mythology by means of more powerful hymns, and so on. To achieve its end, our revolution should employ music in one form or another."

"Eh, Nicholas Andreyevich (Rimsky-Korsakoff)! We are already discussing the subject," exclaimed Professor Reusner. "Whenever Vladimir Ilich (Lenin) visits me in Berlin he insists on calling on Russian musical students and hearing them play his favored Moussorgsky and Bach. We need actually a book of revolutionary songs and instrumental pieces."

Rimsky-Korsakoff asked Lenin about his musical favorites.

"To tell the truth, I am a barbarian in musical education," replied Lenin, "I like folk songs and simple melo-

dies. As a young man, I used to sing gypsy village ballads and accompany them on my concertina. I love Schubert's *Leiermann*, the song of the poor hurdy-gurdy man, and I love Berlioz and Beethoven. But I have neither money nor time to attend concerts."

"He lies!" interrupted Reusner. "Vladimir Ilich likes your Czar Sultan and *Pskovitanka*."

"Oh! But I think your *Sadko* is the greatest opera ever written," added Lenin, with a gesture to Rimsky-Korsakoff. "My only objection to operatic music is that it has been composed with ears tuned to bourgeois pleasures. It lacks the vitalizing heroic spark and is empty of inspiring images. It turns around the leisured life of nobles, royalty, gamblers, and so forth—a rich man's lullaby, that's what it is!"

"That's very true," admitted Rimsky-Korsakoff. "That's the reason I am seriously considering the writing of a musical play on the theme of *Stenka Rasin*, which could be performed by amateur companies, student societies and in small-town theatres—only if the censor will not suppress it. There is no doubt that music has a great influence on the public."

"Music has a peculiar psychic effect on the human mind," began Lenin. "Bakunin called it the poor man's aural tonic. But it must have melody and rhythm, as had the old ritual chants, and not be like the modern unmelodic and unrhythmic compositions of Debussy and others. When I am very depressed I simply go to a restaurant where there is good simple music, with Hungarian gypsies and all that, and it makes me feel better. I tell you frankly, I love the old masters, Gluck, Bach, And I love your music (addressing Rimsky-Korsakoff); but I cannot stand the sentimental stuff of Tchaikovsky and Brahms."

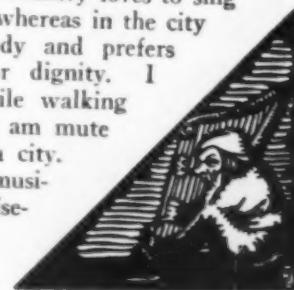
THE discussion turned to the problem of a future proletarian folk opera and grand ballet and Lenin said:

"If Russia ever becomes a socialistic republic along the lines of our Bolshevik program, I would insist that all our big churches and halls of nobility be transformed into music and lecture halls, with stages for popular musical plays and ballets. Only we need a new musical literature in the spirit of our folk songs and folk dances."

As much as Lenin advocated the control of industry by the people, yet he was apprehensive of its effect on music.

"I am afraid that, with the increase of industrial centres, the people will lose their melodic mood and rhythmic vigor, as I find the man in the country loves to sing and express a rhythmic grace, whereas in the city he grows indifferent to melody and prefers jerkiness to rhythmic style or dignity. I hum or whistle a melody while walking along the country road, but I am mute and nervous on the street of a city. The country induces people to musical expressions, the city to noise-loving passivity," he said.

"That is the reason we
(Continued on page 58)



WHEN NOTES TAKE LEGS

By Lynn Saye



© Mortimer Wilson, Op. 43.

EIGHTH NOTE THEME

HOW many children, admonished by their mothers to practice a half an hour, have wished that those blankety blank notes would jump off the paper and play themselves!

Spurred on by some such feeling as this, perhaps, Miss Alice Whitney Brockett, a young music teacher who has worked a great deal with children, has taken the notes off the paper, and while they don't actually play themselves, no little boy or girl watching them hop around to the beat of a half note, or quarter note or sixteenth note, will ever forget Father Tempo and all the little Tempi.

But we, like the notes, are jumping ahead of our story. We are talking about Miss Brockett's animated-music film, "In Music Land," a moving picture described, to be very serious about it, as "Rhythmic Recreations, a Visual and Aural Appreciation of Note Values in Animation," which Ernest Schelling plans to perform at an early Philharmonic Children's Concert.

Miss Brockett has taken advantage of the moving picture to synchronize music lessons for children with stories, and to put them upon the screen in such a way that the music "becomes alive. The note characters move upon the screen as though upon a time canvas according to their values and influenced by moods and tempi. The action of the notes is so definite that a distinct feeling for rhythm is immediately conveyed. The contrasting movement of the notes distinguishes their different values, which are also enhanced by the accompanying score. Once having seen the notes move upon the screen, the child has a clearer understanding of the static black and white symbols on the printed music page. The idea of motion, speed and rhythms is achieved by different means, one of which is a moving background in contrasting movement."

Father Tempo flies us to Music land in an Earplain, which has a "good ear, two eyes, brain wheels and a heart engine." We explore the country, following Rhythm River through the Melodic Mountain Range, over Choral Caves, and Song Meadows to Cadence Landing at Note Village. The Note Village Music Times publishes the pictures of People of Note. The Traf-

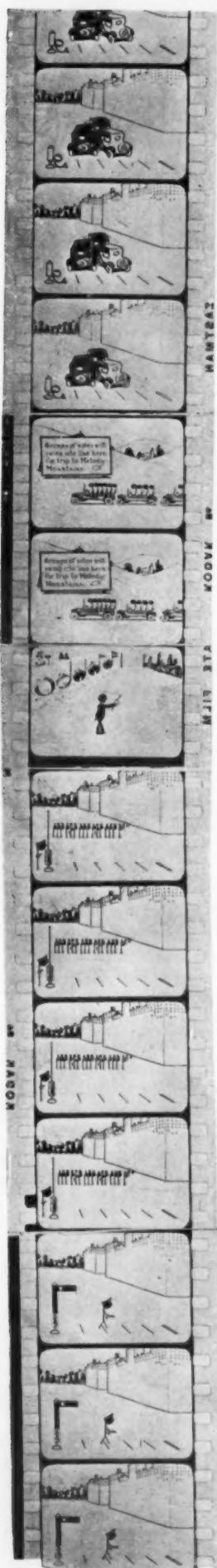
fic rules at Measure Street and Times Square are strictly enforced, with Father Tempo acting as a musical speedometer for the Notes. Fashion Notes from Paris are displayed in the Village Theatre, and not far away is the camp where Note Scouts win Accent caps.

It all sounds delightfully simple, as happy inspirations are always simple. But a look at the illustrations accompanying this article may give you an idea of the difficulties of producing this delightful simplicity.

Henry Bollman, who produced the picture, says:

"When I first heard of the plan for these films, I beat a sudden retreat. But before I had run many yards, I recalled that I myself had spent many youthful years in Music Land in pursuit of that fairly elusive thing known as violin technic. Emboldened by the memory of those years of study, together with several college courses in theory, I returned timidly to face the problem of producing what was to be an aural and visual appreciation of music. My particular job was to translate an extremely ingenious scenario into tangible films.

"At first we were uncertain whether the animated medium could be successfully and accurately synchronized and we discussed the possibilities of other mediums such as silhouettes, marionettes and the combination of living figures with drawings. The problem of capturing the many elusive qualities of the scenario became more and more acute. We had no precedent. Never in the history of motion pictures—so far as could be discovered—have there been films produced on the subject of music theory. I am sure no one has ever attempted to produce a motion picture conception of such abstract ideas as Rhythm, Dynamics, Notation and other aspects of music. Miss Brockett's ideas seemed to me, therefore to have the quality of genuine genius. They are a clear leap forward and they are utterly original. This very quality, however, made them



"IN MUSIC LAND"—AN ANIMATED THRILLER THAT BRINGS DEAD NOTES TO LIFE



© Mortimer Wilson, Op. 93.

THE BOAT RACE. WHOLE NOTES VS. 8 EIGHTH NOTES

the more difficult to place on the screen. Since Miss Brockett's conception of the idea and her original sketches were made with the animated drawing technic in mind, it was decided to attempt that form of presentation. The animated drawing has unlimited flexibility. Drawings can be made to do anything, dance, play games, race on Rhythm River, march, alter their shapes and sizes instantly, show mutual relationships, and, in fact, become very real people in their own peculiar world.

"The form of presentation agreed upon, it remained to find the artist to execute the ideas. This proved to be one of the most difficult problems of all. Men who are accustomed to drawing Krazy Kat, Mutt and Jeff, Felix and other comic characters of the cartoon screen, looked blank at the mention of musical characters. Skilled with the pen, they were quite without a knowledge of the rudiments of music and yet we wanted to use the comic ability of such artists. At last I was fortunate in finding the man who created the animated song parodies—a series of cartoons—William A. Gilmartin, who proved able to animate, elaborate and extend Miss Brockett's original sketches in a most successful way.

"Having succeeded in the technic of production, we soon learned that our troubles had just begun. The question of placing a synchronized film on a special subject before suitable audiences had to be solved. At first this seemed a relatively simple matter. Several of the largest distributors of films were willing, even anxious, to handle the pictures. But we found that mere willingness to 'handle' them was by no means enough. Merely to add these films to their already extensive libraries of pictures for rent, would have been to bury

the films under the dust of oblivion. The pictures are of such a special nature that they require special handling. For this reason, the films on music are sent out from a central booking office in New York, together with the music score, which is arranged for

piano or orchestra. In addition the booking office assists as far as possible in presenting the pictures most effectively.

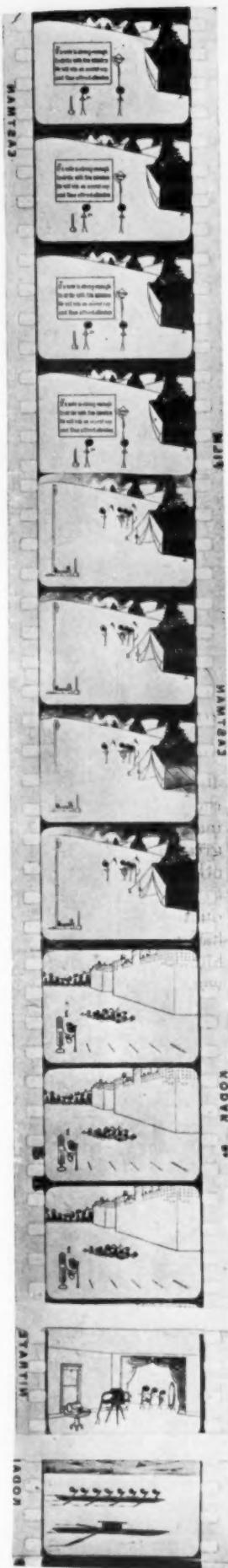
"The films can be projected with any type machine from the smallest home movie projector to the largest theater machine.

"It has been found that the pictures are most successful when shown twice to the same audience. The subject matter is necessarily compact, and repetition has been avoided. A second screening always reveals new details and children can see pictures over and over again with renewed delight. Music Land becomes a fascinating place through which they like to wander."

Miss Brockett ascribes her inspiration to create Music Land from dissatisfaction with the old methods of musical education. "The age in which we live is an inventive one," said Miss Brockett, "and most of us decline to accept any condition as final. We press on to new discoveries and new creations, and find new paths leading away from our dissatisfactions. Education—especially musical education—should be a joyous process."

PROFITING by the use of films in education the world over, Miss Brockett conceived them as the logical medium for the progress of musical education. At any rate, in these delightful films is a breaking away from the traditional presentation and treatment of the subject of music. Here is a means of making the alphabet of music, which, says Miss Brockett, "is the universal language of the world," available in a universal medium which almost everybody understands and which is involuntarily attractive to everyone.

In putting the fundamentals of music into the animated form of moving pictures, a decidedly new technic of teaching has been evolved. A new path has been explored and its data published in a happy form. Because of the condensed form a large amount of material may be given in a short time, and technical problems presented in vivid and imaginative scenes with adroit touches of humor. The series is planned to supplement the regular courses of music in public schools.



THE MOCKERY OF PIERROT

IN WHICH IT IS SEEN THAT OUR DEAREST JESTER IS ONLY A JOKE

By Irving Weil

THOSE who keep watch on the topless towers of modernism for each portentous dustcloud to come galloping out of the rim of indomitably hopeful contemporary music have lately described a young Viennese, capably armed and riding a remarkably serviceable and well-trained steed. The young challenger bears the name of Karol Rathaus and although he is still pretty generally unknown in America, there are already certain deeds of prowess recorded on his shield, done under the standard of latter-day harmonic and rhythmic freedom.

Rathaus is thirty-three years old, but he is still too young to have wedged his way into any of the musical dictionaries or other biographical reference works, which are apparently got up on the principle of being useful to one's grandchildren. Therefore little is known about him on this side of the Atlantic and, for the matter of that, not a great deal more on the other. Probably the first time any considerable number of New Yorkers had so much as heard of him was last Saturday a week when those habitual tower-gazers, the League of Composers, introduced some of his latest music here.

But there are a few facts about Rathaus available from one or another of the sources that usually yield up such things at need and it seems worth while to set them down because this music of his played the other night made it fairly certain that he is a lad to be reckoned with and that we are all very likely to hear more of him as time goes on. He has written two symphonies and an overture, an assortment of chamber music and several piano sonatas. Probably the thing that reveals the young man and his musical viewpoint and impulses most characteristically is a ballet, "Der letzte Pierrot," which had its first performance a year ago last May in Berlin, at the State Opera. It made up about half the evening's entertainment and was paired with another ballet, this one by the Russian, Serge Prokofieff, which was billed in German as "Die Erlöste" ("The Redeemed") and represented the Russian once more fantastically dallying with his favorite Scythian background.

"The Last Pierrot" apparently represents Rathaus in about the same period of his development (every modernist worth his atonalities achieves at least two periods before he reaches thirty-five) as does the piano sonata—the third

—brought out by the League of Composers. This sonata (numbered as opus 20) was written within the last year and a half and the ballet was finished shortly before. The ballet, in its way, unfailingly suggests a comparison between Rathaus and Ernst Krenek, who may be considered just about as much a Viennese as Rathaus, even though of Czech blood. But Krenek, although about five years the younger of the two, is already famous and Rathaus is still only moderately known, even in Germany and Austria.

The comparison, as a fact, discloses only a sameness of outlook on the part of both. Both regard the old order as dying or dead, and the new as a grim kind of joke—sentimentalism as played out and the era of the mechanistic as the newest of Fate's bitter pleasantries. But Rathaus, possibly because he is German and not Czech, goes about his affair with heavy-handed thoroughness whilst Krenek, as we know even in spite of the Metropolitan Opera's ploddingly mistaken productions of "Jonny spielt auf," does his job in a lightly impudent but telling fashion. "The Last Pierrot" exemplifies this difference immediately, for its story, in the preparation of which the composer had a large share, is far more

literal and perhaps cruder in its symbolism. The music, too, is more compactly, more opaquely written and its effect of humor, of parody, is laid on much more thickly.

"The Last Pierrot" is a ballet of three scenes and the significance of the title is of course Rathaus's notion that romanticism, as embodied in this ancient figure, may now be laid away for good. Pierrot, as always, is in search of Columbine but, at the beginning of his quest, encounters The Singular Person, who offers to help him. This Singular Person, however, is outwardly merely a gentleman in ordinary evening dress; really he is a kind of sinister one-man Greek Chorus. (Rathaus ought not to be too much put out if one inescapably recognizes his Singular Person as a cousin-german, or actual German cousin of the Charlatan in Igor Stravinsky's "Petroushka").

PIERROT, in his search, is first directed to a Factory which is humming with industry and filled with workers; there is the grind of modern daily toil and the grind of polytonal music to go with it. But naturally
(Continued on page 28)



Paul Stone-Raymor, Ltd.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS

*Edward Johnson, Metropolitan Tenor, as Canio, Leoncavallo's
Tragi-Comic Pagliaccio*

(Continued from page 26)

Columbine is not to be found here. Pierrot is next taken to a Cabaret. A typical crowd is dancing wildly. There is considerable jazz, a Charleston. Pierrot is appropriately shocked. Columbine certainly cannot be here; and if she were, she would not be Columbine. Finally, the Singular Person leads Pierrot to a "Panoptikum," a kind of museum of romantic antiques. Pierrot is startled to see thousands of other Pierrots just like himself all nicely laid away on rows upon rows of shelves, and thousands of Columbines carefully placed beside them, all lifeless dolls who, we are to suppose, never had any real existence and, even if they had, are now only dust-covered puppets shelved forever. Romance, in a word, is a stuffed playtoy that is done with. And the Last Pierrot weeps and lays himself down beside his fellows.

Rathaus's antipathies are thus plain enough, but it is a little difficult to say what his sympathies might be. Perhaps anyone under thirty-five, and especially nowadays, is naturally much more impelled to find everything all wrong than anything all right. But there is no question of the virility, of the vigor, of the positiveness and the assurance of both the young man's point of view and also, fortunately, of his music. If he dislikes anything, he dislikes it heartily. There is nothing anaemic about him or his output.

Much of all this was to be gathered from this third sonata of his that served as his introduction to New York. It was played by Walter Gieseking, first aid to many of the tight-lipped radicals of the musical Extreme Left and a steel-fingered colossus with direct-drive shoulders, for the Composers' League on this particular evening. Rathaus was fortunate in his interpreter, for although Mr. Gieseking played from the notes, he seemed to wrest from the printed page every ounce of substance there was on it. And there was a great deal of substance there, besides evidence of much skill in the arrangement and setting forth of the composer's ideas and much ingenuity in casting these ideas (which often enough had an emotional basis of a sort behind them) within the expressive if none too pleasant mould that Rathaus believed suited them.

The sonata is in four movements, for Rathaus is not one of the easily winded young men of the day. But there is here no question of Pierrot on his last quest. It seemed to us that the composer was trying to substitute something positive for what in his stage piece had been negative; and yet we were not so sure that Pierrot, unconsciously, had not slipped back to plague his contemner, like the mocking ghost of Petroushka bedevilling the Charlatan at the end of the Stravinsky ballet. Indeed, in spite of Rathaus's clever use of most of the resources devised by contemporary pioneers for making music sound different from what it formerly sounded like; in spite of his preoccupation with the now well-known thick harmonies, cross-rhythmed counterpoint and strange twists and quirks of form—in spite of all this it seemed to us that the intellectual and emotional content within the prickly externals

of this sonata were quite the old, old story in every particular that Pierrot used to recount in Schumann's time and long before.

IF Romance be dead, as so many of the modernists appear to believe, their manner of illustrating their convictions is surely puzzling. What, for example, could be more romantic than the two further excursions of the League of Composers into new music on this same evening? Both these pieces were written by Jewish composers, one of them born in Brooklyn and the other as far off as Tuscany, but each alike was inveigled by the ineradicable romantic impulse of his heritage. If there was ever any struggle involved between this impulse and their modernism, the dictates of modernism went down in defeat; and, we venture to say, they always will under similar conditions for what Ernest Bloch tirelessly calls the Jewish soul is, for better or for worst, saturated with romanticism.

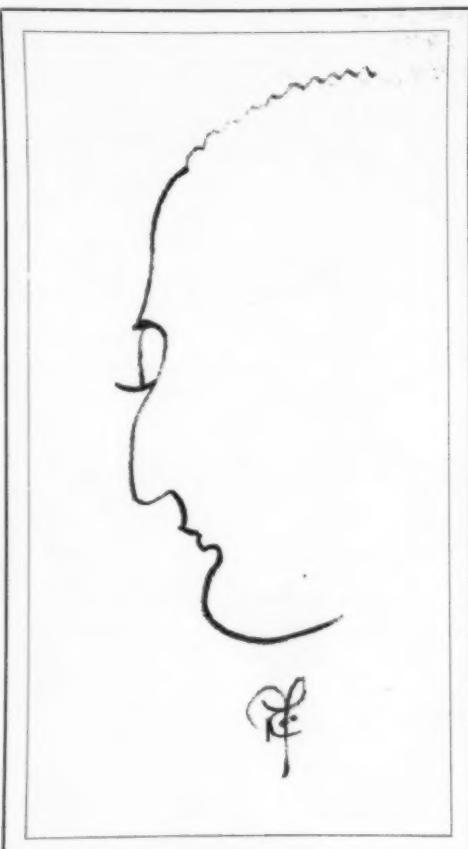
The two composers we are talking about are Aaron Copland, who long ago escaped from Brooklyn, and Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, who moves about in Italy and north of the Alps as well, but in spite of tremendous early promise is not often heard from, at least in America. Mr. Copland was attracted by the idea of doing something with a melody he heard used with peculiar effectiveness in Ansky's Jewish folk play, "The Dybbuk"—but what could such an idea possibly lead to except music of highly romantic conception and equally romantic purpose. Mr. Castelnuovo-Tedesco was attracted by the idea of doing something with traditional melodies of the Hebrew ritual and this also could not fail to produce romantic music.

What happened, in Mr. Copland's case, was a trio of piano, violin and 'cello called "Vitebsk (Study on a Jewish Melody)" and, in the case of the Italian, a piano suite that became "Dances of King David." Mr. Copland found that the melody of "The Dybbuk" originated among the Jewish people of the little town of Vitebsk, in Russia, and his study is inevitably committed to the romanticism of its origins. Mr. Castelnuovo-Tedesco assembles his collection of chants, hymns, rams-

horn motifs and quite simply works them into a perfectly good Lisztian rhapsody for piano—for they are as much a rhapsody as a suite. But, suffering from fewer inhibitions on his modernism's account than Mr. Copland, he is more frank, and more shameless with himself, so to say, about his job—and therefore more successful. The piece does recognizably fulfill its intent, with a few touches of novelty thrown in to boot. But some of Mr. Castelnuovo-Tedesco's synagogue melodies sound no older than the turn of the century and remarkably familiar to those who frequent opera houses rather than synagogues.

Mr. Copland's trio (for it has the length, the stamina and the solidity to be designated as something more justly pretentious than merely the too modest "study") suffers by reason of an apparently needless obscurity due, we imagine, to the composer's reticence. His treatment of the

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A PROFILE OF THE EMINENT VIOLINIST JASCHA HEIFETZ, AS SEEN BY ROLAND YOUNG, OUR OWN CARICATURIST.

PROMETHEUS IN TIN PAN ALLEY

HOW TCHAIKOVSKY CAME, SAW AND LEFT THE AMERICAN SCENE

By Joseph A. Loewinsohn

OME interesting sidelights on Tchaikovsky's reactions to Broadway and the American scene were brought to light recently in an interview between the author of these lines and Professor Pierre Porohovshikov, an eminent nephew of the great composer, and now living in Atlanta, Georgia. His mother (Tchaikovsky's sister) Madame Nadejda Porohovshikova, resides in Leningrad.

Professor Porohovshikov, before the overthrow of the czaristic regime in Russia, was a brilliant prosecuting attorney and later a presiding judge of the Imperial High Court. A noted jurist and a man of letters, he is an accomplished linguist and speaks, besides his native tongue, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. One of his pleasures is reading Homer's *Odyssey* and works of Socrates in the original.

Professor Porohovshikov has keen and vivid memories of his illustrious uncle and of his visit to America in the spring of 1891. Tchaikovsky came to this country at the invitation of Walter Damrosch to conduct a program of his own works and to lend special significance to the festival opening of Carnegie Hall, celebrated by a concert of the New York Symphony and the Oratorio Society.

"He was much interested in the American scene," recalled Professor Porohovshikov, "and one of his first excursions was a leisurely stroll down Broadway. Here is what he wrote to his brother, Modeste:

"After a bath I dressed, dined against my inclination, and went for a walk down Broadway. An extraordinary street! Houses of one or two stories alternate with some nine-storied buildings. Most original! I was struck with the number of Negro faces I saw."

"In New York," went on Professor Porohovshikov, "Tchaikovsky met Andrew Carnegie and was very much impressed with him, especially when he found that Carnegie was an admirer of Moscow, which he once visited. Here is what Tchaikovsky wrote about America:

"These Americans strike me as very remarkable, especially after the impression the Parisians left upon me: in Paris politeness and amiability to a stranger always savoured of self-interest, whereas in this country the honesty, sincerity, generosity, cordiality and readiness to help you without any after-thought, is very pleasant. I like this and most of the American ways and customs."

"Tchaikovsky gave six concerts in America, four in New York, one in Baltimore and one in Philadelphia, and departed after having stayed in the United States about three weeks.

"During the years I knew him," said the Professor, "my uncle changed a great deal. In the earlier days of his musical life he had been very communicative about his work and even before his compositions were finished he was ready to discuss them. In the evening he would ask the opinion of those with whom he lived upon what he had composed in the morning, and was always willing to let them hear his work. In course of time, however, the circle of his intimate friends became ever smaller, and when he played any of his compositions he begged his hearers to keep their opinions to themselves.

"From 1885 he ceased to show his works to anyone. The first to make acquaintance with his compositions was the engraver at Jurgensen's publishing house in Moscow. Tchaikovsky never wasted time between 9:30 and 1 p. m., but busied himself in composing, orchestrating, making corrections or writing letters. Before he began a pleasant task, he always tried to get rid of the unpleasant ones. On returning from a journey he invariably began with his

next to proof-correcting, he found the most unpleasant work.

"In the nineties his correspondence had attained such volume that Tchaikovsky was frequently engaged upon it from morning till night, and often answered thirty letters a day.

HE dined punctually at 1 p. m. and, due to his excellent appetite, always enjoyed his meals, never forgetting to send a message of thanks to the cook. As his taste was very plain in regard to his meals, it often happened that his guests at the table, instead of complimenting the cook, felt inclined to do just the opposite. Wet or fair, Tchaikovsky always went for a walk after dinner. He had read somewhere that, in order to keep fit, a man ought to walk for two hours daily. He observed this rule with as much conscientiousness and superstition as though some terrible catastrophe would follow should he return five minutes too soon.

"Solitude was as necessary to him during this walk as
(Continued on page 59)

THE MAGIC FLUTE PLAYER

GEORGES BARRERE enjoys the distinction of being a well-beloved musical personality as well as the man who is usually thought of as the world's premier flutist. He is also the organizer of the Barrere Little Symphony, which was the first of the medium sized ensembles to thrive in this country. Having decided, with the demise of the New York Symphony (in which he served for years) to abandon his career as a virtuoso of the flute, Mr. Barrere is now taking steps to insure the permanency of his orchestra, which has established a unique popularity in the metropolis. It is to the concerts of the Little Symphony that local wits go to find fuel for much of their musical chaff. Facing about on the platform, on one occasion last season, Mr. Barrere announced that people had called his attention to the fact that his programs were too long. "That is because I talk too much," he remarked. "So we will cut out some of the music!"



THE PIED PIPER OF SEATTLE

KARL KRUEGER is the versatile conductor of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra. In his third season he has succeeded in enlarging the orchestra, organizing it upon a permanent basis, and greatly increasing its repertoire and scope of activities. Mr. Krueger is also the organizer and director of the Seattle Schola Cantorum and is advocating the formation of a municipal opera.

As an experiment, the Seattle Symphony recently projected four civic concerts at prices ranging from 25 cents to one dollar. For the first concert 6500 people jammed the Civic Auditorium and hundreds were turned away. These concerts were in addition to the regular subscription series, the Young People's Concerts, and a number of unusual morning musicales and programs which are developing in an amazing way the fertile musical soil of the Northwest.

MUSICAL AMERICANA



By Hollister Noble

HOBOKEN, N. J., POP. 68,166

IN another year the venerable town squares of Hoboken will probably be littered with gold leaf busts of Old Chris Morley while statues of his associates, the Messrs. Throckmorton, Milliken and Gribble, may possibly be found in the Lackawanna Station. And there's a rumor that the restaurant men and orchestra musicians will shortly tear down a couple of prominent streets and evolve from the debris the Boulevard Morley and Place de Throckmorton.

Mr. Morley is the gentleman who, with several dashing colleagues, boldly invaded the ancient town, took over the Old Rialto Theatre, produced Boucicault's "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife Nor Widow," now in its eleventh week, has now rented the ancient Lyric Theatre, will produce therein "The Black Crook," and has brought discreet feasting and great joy back to the inimitable life of the Hoboken that was. Morley can and often does resurrect any amount of sentimental memories out of a few boards, a brick wall or any bits of property more than twenty years old. His sentimentality is obvious, excessively genial and honest. And sometimes we feel with him.

Take Hoboken, for instance, as no one would have thought of doing and as Mr. Morley did a few months ago. In six weeks he had diverted a great stream of Broadway playgoers across the river.

IT'S MANY a moon since we've seen such an audience as attends "After Dark." They insist on becoming so much a part of the play that the management has to plead with them every ten minutes not to throw heavy coins at the players as several of the cast were hurt by half dollars tossed from the balcony.

There is an inimitable flavor to the scene in the old Germania Garden Music Hall with the song hits of '63, "We Never Speak as We Pass By," "Oh, Fred Tell 'Em to Stop," "Mama, Have You Heard the News," "Up in a Balloon, Boys,"

"Only a 'ittle Dirly Dirl," "Take Back the Heart Thou Gavest Me."

After the show memories impelled us along River Street—musical memories for the most part; a harmonica band from the boiler room of a North German Lloyd steamer which many years ago played at the Parrot Bar, led by a room steward with a soup spoon as

baton. This unique organization played German marches, snatches of Meistersinger and a score of ballads. They evaded sharps and flats with devilish ingenuity. There was a chorus, too, from the Kronzprinzessin-Cecilie that sang doleful Deutsch folk tones or wended their way magnificently through seven seidels of Bock and then wound up with stentorian howls for more nuss torte.

That was before the war when Hoboken's waterfront rivaled the colorful haunts of St. Pauli, Bremerhaven and Antwerp. Before half a dozen well-appointed little hotels there were cafe tables, boxwood and cool green awnings. Excellent steamer bands, in immaculate blue and white uniforms, marched up to their favorite hostelry in the midst of drafts of Lowenbrau and Pilsener and played Sousa, Wagner, Strauss waltzes, and excerpts from "The Passing Show of 1914," "High Jinks," "Sari" or "The Beauty Shop." For those sailing from or arriving in Hoboken the hilarious district from Newark Street to Third Street, from River Street to Washington Street, offered either an atmospheric appetizer with a flavor of the Continent or a delectable cushion to soften the New World.

A YEAR or two ago on the Grand Hotel across from Meyers, the mournful piping of that pre-war awning alone remained, reaching out in futile hospitality across the bare flagstones. Mournful bartenders and talented performers on the piano accordion would tearfully tell you that business was not only bad but that the town's musical appreciation had dropped off alarmingly. But Mr. Morley has changed all that. The waterfront on a warm night resounds again to heartening sounds of revelry. Wandering afar from the aristocratic purlieus of the Old Rialto Theatre, of the Hofbrau or the Continental one may find dozens of cozy retreats whose names shame the dull titles of modern hostleries. There is The Traveler's Rest, the Cape of Good Hope, Dingman's Shanty, Capri, and bars galore, the Steamed Clam, the Antwerp, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Boston, Holland House, and Viamonte Bar, to name a few; and the Luxemburg, a tiny immaculate retreat on Newark Street, once sacred to the memory of the finest accordion player east of Perth Amboy. In them all music and high talk held forth. When Germans arrive look for philosophy, beer and music. There are large quantities of them all in Hoboken.

The Black Crook by Charles M. Barras, "the show in



A POIGNANT SCENE IN THE OLD GERMANIA GARDEN MUSIC HALL, FROM THE HOBOKEN REVIVAL OF "AFTER DARK, OR NEITHER MAID, WIFE, NOR WIDOW."

MUSICAL AMERICANA

which the girls wear tights" and which caused such a furore that "New York of the sixties was rent asunder by this hellish innovation," is scheduled to open in March. There are lots of charming old songs in it and in Mr. Morley's words, "It is a sort of shotgun wedding of grand opera and burlesque."

BOSTON, MASS., POP. 779,620

A NOTHER bean popped in Boston a fortnight ago. This time one of the graybeards of the village constabulary, examining original articles of Boston's Magna Charta discovered that little boys under sixteen that play the violin or any other instrument cannot appear professionally. So Yehudi Menuhin, a sensation of two seasons, did not and could not play his scheduled Boston recital.

Boston remains a mystery to us despite a good deal of close observation. Grudgingly we admit that its musical appreciation ranks high. But its minions of the law are always chasing Harvard professors who blaspheme, always bludgeoning good plays, always suppressing the best books, timidly squelching undergraduate shows at Harvard, and shuddering at whispers of Sacco Vanzetti.

After all The Hub is the slowest moving part of any wheel.

"PRETTY, AIN'T IT?"

Variations on the theme of the human heart and its varying receptivity are always in evidence at Wagner performances. The recent matinee of "Lohengrin" was a good example. It enraged certain individuals and overpowered others. After the tragic last act we observed a number of normal people frankly wiping away stray tears. Out of another door came a stout jolly looking gentleman who turned to his companion and exclaimed. "That last act was the funniest thing I ever saw in my life!"

"It certainly was," replied the lady, giggling prettily.

W. J. Henderson's variation on this theme concerns a magnificent performance of "Tristan and Isolde" some years ago with Lehmann, the de Reszkes and other giants. Silent, thrilled and shaken after the performance many in the audience remained a few seconds in their seats. A young man and his feminine friend just behind Mr. Henderson hastily tossed on their wraps and hurried out. As they brushed past Mr. Henderson the young man remarked: "Pretty, ain't it?"

VLADIMIR DE PACHMAN, THAT INIMITABLE MONOLOGIST ON HIS OWN MUSIC, WHO WAS A RECENT AFTER DINNER ARTIST AT A PROMINENT LONDON HOTEL.

DANSE MACABRE

Anna Duncan had just finished dancing to Chopin's Funeral March during a recent benefit performance at Mecca Temple when a member of the audience became insane and

leaped on the stage crying, "I am the Messiah!" Miss Duncan fled while the lunatic was overpowered by four ushers and carried off to Bellevue.

THE CONSTANT READER WRITES

"Seldom Reads You" writes:

"Why not attain a little dignity? Your inaccurate nonsense is not only unimportant. It's unreadable. 'Seen at last week's concert—' Indeed. And who cares? Why not leave the celebrities alone for a while?"

All right, we will. Humiliated and shamed we crept into the opera house the other night, picked out the six most prominent and distinguished people we could find and will hereby modestly mention that present at last Friday's performance of "Romeo and Juliet" in a box were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. McCafferty, 455 Egmont Avenue, McKeesport, Pa., all very bored and uncomfortable. Abraham E. Epstein, flour salesman, row BB-4, orchestral circle, aged 42, married with one daughter, Anna, 16, at North Side School, Minneapolis, is a little worried over a mortgage on a new summer home and wants to move to a warmer climate. Promised Mrs. Epstein he would go to "the opera." Edith M. Keller, 23, seat L-15, stenographer, Shreveport, La., goes to opera once a fortnight on friend's subscription ticket "when I have nothing better to do." Robert Kaplan, broker, and wife, Jackson Heights, don't like "much music," left after second act to attend golf show at Grand Central Palace.

* * *

Rosa Ponselle will make her English debut in the early Spring with five guest performances at Covent Garden in London. Incidentally the latter is soon to be torn down.

* * *

Mme. Sigrid Onegin's husband, Dr. Penzolt, who speaks no English, wondered how he could get across the country comfortably while accompanying Madame on her tour. Robert A. Simon told him how to do it in one word. From coast to coast Dr. Penzolt conversed with everyone most successfully by answering all remarks—whether directed toward his wife's art or his opinion of America in whole or in detail—with one emphatic enthusiastic vocable: "Ofverhelming."

* * *

There is a well-defined rumor from the South that Signor Leopold Stokowski, the wandering bandmaster of the Philadelphia Orchestra, will conduct the Los Angeles Philharmonic for half a season next year, dividing his services with the Philadelphia band. Mr. Stokowski has been sunning himself in Los Angeles, with an appearance as guest conductor, and the report is pretty definite that the solons of the Los Angeles band at once set about to capture the Philadelphia leader.





MORE
GENTLEMEN
OF THE
PRESS



PITTS SANBORN, OF THE TELEGRAM—A LINGUIST WITH FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN AND SPANISH TO HIS CREDIT. HIS FIRST NOVEL, "PRIMA DONNA," HAS BEEN THE FEBRUARY AND MARCH CHOICE OF THE BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA.



CHARLES D. ISAACSON, OF THE MORNING TELEGRAPH—A FORMER HIGH SCHOOL AND CIVIC CONCERT IMPRESARIO, WHOSE SERVICE AS AN EDUCATOR FORMS THE BACKGROUND FOR HIS DAILY STINT. THE LATEST RECRUIT TO NEW YORK'S LANGUID CRITICAL RANKS.

IRVING WEIL, OF THE EVENING JOURNAL—HE IS OFTEN MENTIONED IN RESPONSE TO SOME CONCERTGOERS' INQUIRY, "WHO IS THAT WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN OVER THERE? I SEE HIM AT EVERY CONCERT!"

HERBERT F. PEYSER, OF THE TELEGRAM—THE ASSOCIATE OF MR. SANBORN AND A FEARSOME AUTHORITY ON MANY MATTERS, PARTICULARLY WAGNERIAN ONES. HE WRITES ALL OF HIS COPY IN LONGHAND WITH GREEN INK.



OLIN DOWNES, OF THE NEW YORK TIMES—IMPORTED FIVE YEARS AGO FROM BOSTON. HE IS GENERALLY TO BE SEEN IN HIS SEAT WITH HIS EYES CLOSED OR IN THE BACK OF CARNEGIE HALL TALKING ABOUT SIBELIUS WITH ONE OF THE BRETHREN.



*Drawings by
Aline Frubauf*



A NEW HURDY-GURDY JOINS THE BROADWAY PARADE

DISCIPLINING the noises of the city to the needs of the theatre is the job of Emily Hamill, who is shown here with the mechanism that provides the background of city noises for Elmer Rice's "Street Scene," at the Playhouse, New York.

From the throat of the box, under Miss Hamill's tutelage, come the barrage of riveting machines, the rumble of elevated trains and trucks, the screams of fire sirens and the clangs of ambulance bells, together with the hoarse voice of three million people milling through the city's thin canyons, heard off-stage during the action of the play.

Recorded off-stage effects were first experimented with on any ambitious scale during the production of "The Road to Rome." William A. Brady, the younger, needing a few trifles like an army marching over the Alps and several fife and drum corps, transplanted a half dozen musicians and

forty actors to a recording company's premises, and very shortly had his Carthaginian army and bugle calls safely embalmed in hard rubber discs.

With "Street Scene" calling for the whole of the metropolitan parade, William A. Brady, Senior, its producer, took a leaf from his son's book and proceeded to write theatrical history upon it. In order to capture the city's noises alive, a megaphone was thrust out of a window overlooking Longacre Square during the most emphatic period of New Year's eve, and kept there, despite its protests, for nearly an hour. Forty-eight hours later, the sound-sensitized film was developed and became something new in off-stage effects.

Incidentally, the talking box saves thousands of dollars worth of apparatus and Miss Hamill, Mistress of Sound, accomplishes perfectly what half a dozen property men could only otherwise suggest.

MUSICAL AMERICANA

MME. WALSKA APPEARS

THE heroic Mme. Walska, who actually emerged on the venerable stage of Carnegie Hall on Lincoln's Birthday, had some justification for her evident nervousness. Mme. Jeritza, under a green hat, was trying to remain inconspicuous in a first-row seat. Mme. Emma Eames was present and so was a galaxy of other artists, to say nothing of the Great God Public that struggled and pushed to see and hear the woman from Paris. Mme. Walska's recital was much more a news event than it was a recital of music. There were mountains of flowers, a generous amount of applause, and a distinct tendency to render credit for brave and honest vocal efforts. Much of her voice is of a far prettier quality than we had been led to expect, but unfortunately Mme. Walska has not learned how to use her voice.

The New York critics were almost uniform in their judgments: a remarkable personality, a beautiful woman artistically garbed, with an unquestionably sincere attitude toward her art, rather nervous and surprisingly naive, possessing a voice of musical quality, but a voice wholly lacking in correct placing, adequate technic, proper breathing and many other essential attributes of a vocal artist.

An upper box was reserved for Miss Mary Garden, but she was unable to appear and the box was occupied by her mother and sister. Marion Talley was present with her sister, Florence Talley. Leonora Corona, singing the same afternoon at the Metropolitan, arrived in time to hear a portion of Mme. Walska's program. Other artists present included Maria Gay and her husband, Zenatello; Gladys Axman, Hulda Lashanska, Marie Rappold, Alice Nielson, Marguerite d'Alvarez, Anna Fitziu, Editha Fleischer, Anna Case, Alma Clayburg and Frieda Hempel. The unvocal contingent included Madge Kennedy, Elsie Ferguson, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Felix Warburg and everyone in town who could crowd in the hall.

Harold McCormick, Mme. Walska's husband, was host at a small luncheon at the Ambassador before the matinee and with him in his Carnegie Hall box was the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia.

YEHUDI AND THE THREE B'S

Evans and Salter announce that their eminent young protege, Yehudi Menuhin, will appear as soloist at the State Opera of Dresden with the opera house orchestra on April 17. The opera company has agreed to suspend its evening performance for the first time in history on this occasion for young Mr. Menuhin will play no less than three concertos—by Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. (Yehudi originally wished to play this program in New York but was advised against it).

This is one of three restricted European engagements accepted by Yehudi. His managers announce that following the Dresden concert with three concertos Yehudi will retire from public appearance for nearly a year. Probably for a well-earned rest.

IN MEMORIAM

Louis Graveure, who sailed for Europe recently, mourns the passing of his beard. Dignity and respect were his before the formidable thatch disappeared. But it's all over. A tenor voice and a clean shaven face have brought back the backslappers, the hearty gentlemen, and the cheerful ones who pat one affectionately before breakfast. Mr. Graveure wishes to inform his acquaintances that he is still at heart a baritone.

Poor Graveure. With tears in his eyes as he sailed away he remarked:

"The reverence and awe which people once displayed when I appeared seems to have vanished with the beard."

Mr. Graveure will fill a four months' engagement at the Berlin Municipal Opera House under Bruno Walter. He will sing the leading tenor roles of *Faust*, *Carmen*, *Pagliacci*, *Tosca*, *Boheme* and *Aida*, returning to this country next July with an extensive concert tour next Fall.

Miss Rose Solomon, who appeared in recital at the Engineering Auditorium on Feb. 8, is the daughter of a crippled news dealer who for many years has served his customers at the Franklin Street and Park Row corner of the Pulitzer Building.

A close friend of Chaliapin is Samuel Rothafel, dean of Roxy's Cathedral. The Russian basso visited the famous edifice the other day and enjoyed a chat in Roxy's office.

Yes, the estimable Times seems to be running this department a close race in the matter of errors. (We still have four to go.) Although Madeline Marshall, accompanist, is the mother of a six months' old boy and the wife of Robert A. Simon, the New Yorker's Musical-I-Think-Man, she

isn't quite sure of her status. The other day she played for Earle Spicer's recital at the Guild Theatre and the following morning read in the Times that Mr. Edward Harris had performed admirably as accompanist to Mr. Spicer.

¶ The prophets are on the rampage again—all this before the King has spoken. While Mr. Gatti is still stroking his beard over Sunday night concerts the sages are predicting Don Giovanni, with Mmes. Rethberg, Ponselle and Fleischer, and Messrs. Pinza, Gigli and Ludikar. There is talk of Verdi's "Luisa Miller" and a revival of Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West," with Mme. Jeritza as the heroine.

¶ F. C. Coppicus of the Metropolitan Musical Bureau has gone Spanish with a vengeance. After tossing smiles into the box office with Andres Segovia, guitarist, and La Argentina, the dancer, Mr. Coppicus has bagged a whole foursome, the Aguilar Lute Quartet from Madrid. The three brothers and sister of this organization have been vastly pleasing the Parisians with these ancient stringed instruments.

YOU KNOW MR. DREISER

THE AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN TURNS HIS FREUDIAN EYES ON MUSIC

By R. H. Wollstein

A LONG, lofty, luxurious room, panelled in dark wood, and half-lit by winter light pouring in gray and snow-laden through a tall north window, that framed a scape of jagged and uneven modern buildings beyond; and in a massive carved chair, Theodore Dreiser leaned back his head and talked of music.

There is something revelatory in listening to Dreiser talk, and in watching him. You see a tall man, lithely put together; you see a sculptural head, massive of structure, and with features formed on a large scale and ruggedly, as if hewn laboriously out of rock. Dreiser's face is pallid, and his eyes are light; he has a vast and noble frontal space, and back from it rather than above it, his hair is light, white or fine blond, it doesn't much matter. A veiled look about his countenance suggests a light of startling brightness hidden somewhere beneath.

Dreiser's manner is gentle and mild; almost diffident. His voice is very soft; and a note in it makes you wonder whether at some time, this voice has not called loudly before closed doors. He doesn't talk much, yet he conveys much meaning. While he talked to me, he twisted a handkerchief into quarters and eighths, and sixteenths, and still smaller units; when it was reduced at last to a tight ball, he shook it out, surveyed the design, and began all over again, with the same meticulous precision.

When Dreiser speaks, you actually witness travail and creation. He has a very definite point to make, and he hammers at it, and under it and around it, until it is entirely released. His speech is not fluent, yet he leaves you no doubt as to what it is he means. Often enough, he merely indicates an idea, finishing it by "You know," with a persuasive emphasis on the "You," as though it were the short way of saying: "I want desperately to get this said—so please don't you go adding to the complicatedness of things in general by taking out the wrong meaning." There is a building-sense to his talk: you feel that words are urgent, alive things to him, completing him by producing on the outside a clear picture of the thing that is burning him up on the inside.

"All my life I have had a feeling for music," says Dreiser's soft, hesitant voice, "although I'm not at all technically informed on it. I can't play any instrument—I can't feel the delight of personal performance. I have only one means of expression—words. Nevertheless,

technical uninformedness doesn't hinder me from understanding music. The sources of inspiration are identical for all the arts. Man's hunger for emotional release through expression is the sub-structure on which any great artistic endeavor is built, I don't care what its medi-

um. And I can translate the thought of a great symphony or a noble piece of chamber music into my own thought, and take from it the thing I need. The symphonies of Tchaikovsky, for instance, can be translated in many ways; at most, as a profound philosophy of life, and at the very least, as a temperamental reaction to life, without definite philosophy or meditation.

"Besides reflecting the individual thought-processes of the composer, music can express more adroitly and more economically than any other art, the racial and national characteristics from which it springs. Take Grieg. I hear Grieg, and at once I see fjords and ice-capped horns, bleak winter light, and buxom peasant girls in bright dresses. I see Grieg himself, too, hunchbacked and prophetic, struggling to say so much with his music. As a matter of fact, it takes very little material for Grieg to create a mood, compared to the hundreds and hundreds of words Ibsen has to use to say the same thing.

IN like way, the delicacies of Debussy seem to epitomize the light, idealistic temper of the French. Often enough, he says the same pastel and form-lovely things that you find in phases of Watteau's work. Debussy, I think, stands for the exotic dreamer's fancy, for the delicate fugitive of art, for which France has so peculiar a gift. And again, Wagner sums up all the imaginativeness of the Teuton—and he does it best, strangely enough, in *Tristan*, where the theme is not at all Teutonic but Celtic. I am not a great admirer of Wagner, nevertheless I have to go to him for the perfect expression of German fancy.

"I'm not an admirer of Wagner, nor of any other composer of opera. I am opposed to the operatic form as a means of noble artistic expression. I said this back in 1900, when the Metropolitan was at its very peak of perfection, as far as eminence of casts goes, and when general musical opinion inclined to accept opera as *Holy Writ* more than it does today. I said then—and I still feel—that opera is not harmonious. I don't mean inharmonious in *sound*; rather, inharmonious in those structural proportions necessary for a perfect whole.

"The mechanics of dramatic structure, for instance, often call for pauses after climaxes, that make for uninteresting music. And musical structure often calls for climactic developments that lessen any impression of emotional genuineness in the action. When a tenor draws his sword, and rushes fiery-blooded to the footlights and waits for the orchestra to play the requisite number of introductory bars before he can give his feelings voice—well, that sort of thing doesn't make you feel either comfortable or satisfied.

"Frequently enough, the singer's exotic temperament interferes with the mood of quiet or dreaminess necessary to the action. The only operatic performance that completely satisfied me, without causing me jolts or let-downs, was *Pelleas et Melisande*, with Mary Garden. No opera can equal symphonic or chamber music or the unhampered personal projection of a great soloist."





Theodore Dreiser, author of "An American Tragedy," has had the satisfaction of having his books banned from the libraries of most of America's great cities, and kept on the secret shelves of the New York Public Library. "Sister Carrie" was the first to bring him into bad odor with the authorities, and "The 'Genius'" did nothing to

improve his status with these guardians of public morals, although it established him as a genius himself and one of the greatest of America's literateurs. Recently Dreiser spent eleven weeks in Russia as a guest of the Soviet government and has published his impressions of the new social order in that country in a book.

*Photo by H. L. Davis
Courtesy of Vanity Fair*

Occupying as he does a unique position in the struggle between the old order and the new, it seemed important to learn Dreiser's views on modern music.

"I take very little delight in modern—or ultra-modern—music. It has not enough poetry or dreaminess. It makes a harsh, cynical business of life, overlooking its beauties. Much of the ultra-modern output is simply ri-

diculous, by trying so hard to be ahead of the times and prophetic. Perhaps this attitude of advancedness is genuine enough; perhaps it is inspired merely by an active publicity sense. I don't know. But this I do know—that unless an attitude of prophecy is backed up by actual genius, the result is not art but caricature. Genius is pro-

(Continued on page 55)



EEAVESDROPPINGS

SOME OF THE FORTNIGHT'S INTERESTING REMARKS OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES



ATLANTIC CITY, therefore, has let preliminary contracts for what will be the largest pipe organ in existence. There is, of course, a well-defined limit to the possible physical size of the pipes that go into a musical instrument of this kind. The largest practical, for the bourdons and dia-
pasons, is thirty-two feet in length, and the largest conceivable would be the necessary double of that, sixty-four feet, which would give the deepest note perceptible, as such to the human ear.

When it is said that the Atlantic City organ will be the largest, it is that the instrument will possess no less than 30,000 pipes. This is three times larger than the instrument now under construction at the Liverpool (England) Cathedral. The largest in America is but one-fourth the size. Another indication of the dimensions of the Atlantic City creation is that it will require 175-horsepower to blow it.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra's deficit for the musical year, 1927-28, ending last July, was \$87,000. The deficit for the present musical year, 1928-29, will exceed it by more than fifty per cent.—say \$47,000. It was necessary to raise salaries by \$15,000. Otherwise there has been no material increase in outlay. The treasury, however, is the poorer by \$32,000—the fee paid for the broadcasting, now discontinued, of the symphony concerts and of occasional pop concerts. Consequently, instead of the comfortable and familiar deficit of \$87,000, a new and uncomfortable net loss of \$134,000 faces the trustees.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE weakness of American music lies in the circumstance that its hopeful composers are in the aggregate trivial men. Two or three of them are pretty sound artists in a technical direction but as men, that is, as human beings, the bulk of them are psychically, mentally and—this in particular—emotionally commonplace. I am not speaking of the jazz boys, obviously enough; they do not greatly matter the one way or the other. They are diverting clowns, often exceptionally competent and, in their little way, entirely praiseworthy. I allude rather to those Americans who are setting themselves to loftier aspects of the muse. In all their number you will have difficulty in finding more than one or two with half as much heart as any one of six American poets, with half as much intelligence as any one of a like number of American critics or with one-fifth as much depth of feeling as any one of a dozen or more American novelists and short-story writers.—George Jean Nathan in *The American Mercury*.

TO be an artist at present in London is to be a kind of sacred lunatic.—*Horace Shipp in The Sackbut*.

CHAIRMAN VESTAL of the House Patents Committee is trying for a special rule to secure consideration of the mechanical reproduction of music bill which gives the copyright holder a chance to bargain for his royalty. The bill aims to kill the now existent arbitrary 2 cents payment per disc by the recorders.

Coming up in its usual spot on the consent calendar the usual objection of Jeff Busby, Democrat, Mississippi, stopped its consideration.

During the floor debate a large group of members became involved. Representation was about equal on both sides of the aisle, all endeavoring to quiet Busby. Not only would he not withdraw his objection, but made certain the bill wouldn't come up later in the day without his presence on the floor.

Congressman Busby is quoted as having informed Gene Buck that he (Busby) was out to bust the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.—*Variety*.

THE wood-wind instrument will be eliminated entirely from symphony orchestras within a few years," predicted William S. Haynes of Boston, foremost flute manufacturer of the United States, at the Multnomah hotel yesterday. "The silver flute was introduced in this country in 1904, and at that time virtually every conductor declared that he wouldn't let any of 'those tin whistles' be used in his orchestra. Now you can't find a wood flute in an orchestra." In substantiation of his prediction that wood is to go and silver to take its place, Mr. Haynes recently developed a silver clarinet. "When I've developed a silver oboe and a silver bassoon," said Mr. Haynes, "I'm going to retire."—*Portland Oregonian*.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

American music has at last penetrated the ranks of British nobility in London with the introduction of saxophones in the Royal Guards Band at Buckingham Palace and the desire of King George to hear the latest New York hits.

Formerly the Guards' Band played only grand opera when mounting guard in the morning in the forecourt of the Royal Palace, but noble ears became tired of this music and a request for modern pieces was made. Now the music is over fifty per cent American and not a few of the airs are popular Broadway numbers.—*The New York Morning Telegraph*.

POSSIBLY the secret intentions of all program music have in the depths of their nature invoked the aid of the screen, as the illustrator of the program. When program music was originated there was, of course, no cinema, and the world had no idea of it. But are not such works as Berlioz's *Fantastic Symphony* and Liszt's *"Les Preludes"* supremely cinematographic subjects? They, and others, are just an assemblage of visions surrounding the musical tissue and arising out of it. Music has always adhered to a certain visual incarnation of its own, to certain dreams evoked by it. These dreams cannot be transmitted by the stage, which is too coarse and material a medium, but they are entirely within the powers of the cinema and in full accord with its character. That is its sphere, all the resources of which have not hitherto been exhausted.—Leonid Sabaneeff in *The Musical Times*.

OF Miss Garden as Mélisande what is to be said anew when, as to Debussy, seven-and-twenty years ago, she still seems the embodiment of the character? . . . As Debussy's Mélisande she enters within the personage and there abides, reducing her every means to limpid simplicity. Debussy himself perceived as much, writing in his untranslatable French.—H. T. Parker in *The Boston Evening Transcript*.

The "untranslatable" is here translated:

"There was almost nothing I needed to tell her. The character of Mélisande seemed to take form in her person, little by little; I listened and waited with a singular confidence, not unmixed with curiosity. Finally came the fifth act, the death of Mélisande, and with it an astonishment which I cannot describe. Here was the sweet gentle voice I had inwardly heard, with that gentle tenderness, that moving art in whose existence I had never believed until that moment and which, since then, has commanded the admiration of the public in ever increasing fervor for Miss Mary Garden."

ANFORD TERRY'S "Bach" I already have discussed at some length in these columns. After so accurate and thorough a book, the Schubert biographies made a sorry show, being mostly all that biographies should not be.—Harvey Grace in the *New York Herald-Tribune*.

MORE HIGHER CRITICISM

Since about only one person in a thousand is able to differentiate between one key and another, Mr. Scharf was well advised to choose a sonata and a concerto in the same tonality.—J. S. in *The New York World*.

THE HIGHER PERIPATETICS

SOME VARIED PIANISM, SOME SYMPHONICS, AND SOME OPERA

By William Spier

WE WERE NOT in the mind of God at the time that Mr. Moriz Rosenthal first winged his meteoric way across two continents, and it is possible that we should regret this thoughtlessness in our antecedents. In those days, of course, the art of pianism was really blossoming; it had not yet fallen into that disreputable state which it is the unhappy lot of contemporaries to observe. It was the time, be it thoroughly understood, of digital exponents who were Master Pianists or Titans of the Keyboard or Wizards of the Piano. Paderewski, Joseffy, De Pachmann, Reisenauer, Sauer, Busoni, Carreno and a whole raft of others were occupied with the edification of rapt devotees. And Rosenthal—the Liszt pupil, who could play things faster in double notes than his envious colleagues could play what composers had written.

Mr. Rosenthal, after some years of absenting himself from local stages, returned a few seasons back to demonstrate anew those powers which dazzled another generation of musicali. He initiated the present season into the mysteries of his accomplishments a week ago last Wednesday with a Carnegie Hall recital which was destined to be his first, last and only New York appearance of the concert year. In the latter fact some may find cause for utter heartbreak. For our own part we must frankly confess a complete inability to grasp the revelations which certain of our respected fraternalia professed to discern among the night's proceedings.

What puzzles us in solving the Rosenthalian enigma is attempting to determine whether the subject of these harsh words just doesn't like music or whether he believes that a good, hearty drubbing will bring the heavenly muse to terms. We know the symptoms but we cannot diagnose the cause. As the principal of Mr. Rosenthal's attributes were exhibited with imposing confidence last week, they consisted of an infinite capacity for wayward rhythm, a decided affection for misshapen phrasing, an incredible distaste for structural coherence, a restricted scope for tonal variety, a unique talent for wreaking himself vengefully upon the piano, and a

general ability to negate the inherent worth of the music he essayed.

Thus, although there were a few isolated moments of pianistic fluency which had their own expressiveness, no single work on Mr. Rosenthal's generous program was illuminated by any element which resembled inspiration in any identifiable form. The record perhaps requires a detailing of the evening's list. It embraced—we beg your pardon!—included the C minor Sonata, Op. 111, of Beethoven, a sizeable Chopin group, the Symphonic Studies of

Schumann, and that historic relic, the Hexameron on "Suoni la tromba" from Puritani, to which Liszt, Thalberg, Chopin, Pixis, Herz and Czerny contributed variations.

HERE WERE various kinds of pianism spread over a period of three days during the first week of the late fortnight. Mr. Rosenthal's recital was Wednesday's child; on the preceding evening devotees of two-piano art congregated for a joint recital by Miss Myra Hess and Mr. Harold Samuel assisted by Mr. Georges Barrere and his Little Symphony. And on Thursday lovers of consummate art rejoiced in hearing Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch perform the B flat Concerto of Brahms with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. Of the contenting glories which uplifted the latter occasion it were difficult to speak without resorting to a psaltery of eulogism. This concerto—and surely it is the greatest of all works in the form—has

been an abiding love in Mr. Gabrilowitsch's artistic life; he has played it often and beautifully in the past. But never in our experience has he equalled the sustained creative spirit which animated him at every moment of this performance. He was fittingly aided by a superb accompaniment from Mr. Hans Lange, the assistant conductor, who has had opportunity lately to demonstrate that he is a batonist who measures up more impressively than most of the imported guests of recent seasons. Mr. Gabrilowitsch completed the delight of Brahmsians by leading a glowing narration of the C minor Symphony.



LAWRENCE TIBBETT AS EADGAR IN "THE KING'S HENCHMAN," WHICH RETURNED FOR ITS SEASON AT THE METROPOLITAN ON FEBRUARY 16TH.



© Miskin, N. Y.

TULLIO SERAFIN

MR. SERAFIN, the chief Italian conductor at the Metropolitan, struck a Teutonic blow for himself with his performances of "Siegfried" at New York's

emporium of staged music last season. He conducted the first performance this year of the Scherzo of Wagner's "Ring" cycle on February 7, with conspicuous success.

NEW YORK MUSIC

The chief merits of the Hess-Samuel affair were confined to the programmatic aspect of the occasion. One was more grateful for the opportunity of hearing the C major and C minor double concertos of Bach and the E flat work for the same combination by Mozart than one was for hearing these people play them. It is unnecessary at this time to dilate upon the individual excellences of Miss Hess and Mr. Samuel; they have the same importance, in this matter, as the flowers that bloom in the spring. There was taste and technical assurance in this temporary wedding of soloist temperaments, and the appreciation of good music that is expected from persons of their calibre. True ensemble spirit, however, was conspicuous by its absence, and stylistically much was lacking through the tentative, abstract nature of performances which refused to jell until those who were concerned were half way through the C major Concerto. At this point we were yanked out of the expectant arms of Morpheus by the revivifying qualities manifested, in particular, by Mr. Samuel, who had been transferred to the first piano, to the considerable betterment of everything. Mr. Barrere's yeomen contributed, besides some rather bashful accompaniments, a delicious suite, *Les Fetes de l'Hymen et de l'amour*, of Rameau, and E flat Symphony of K. P. E. Bach from whose meanderings emerged lovely music at moments.

AT THE Metropolitan several matters of moment were sounded last week. For one thing, there was the season's initial Siegfried, governed by Mr. Serafin, and for another there was a somewhat exceptional Lohengrin, which served to get the annual matinee Wagner cycle under way. And for another there was the return to the local boards of The King's Henchman (about which we shall have more to say when Mr. Deems Taylor goes out to lunch.)

The Siegfried was really a superb piece of work on Mr. Serafin's part; as a matter of fact, Wagner had good friends in almost all of the evening's participants. Mr. Laubenthal, especially, was in uncommonly good form. We cannot remember ever having heard him to better advantage, and in his presentation there was nothing that could have offended the eye minded. To Mr. Schorr, who wore the Wanderer's picture hat, however, must go to the bulk of the singing honors. His utterance had immense vibrancy and power, as well as convincing emotional quality. Mr. Bloch's Mime was excellent, as usual, and Mr. Schutzendorf was a properly ill-tempered Alberich. On the distaff side there was Mme. Branzell, who (for the first time since we have been acquainted with her singing of the role) gloriously revealed the cosmic significance of Erda's speech. The Brünnhilde of Miss Elena Rakowska, who in domestic moments rejoices in the title of Mme. Serafin, was made familiar to us last season. It is, to be sure, an Italianate sort of being, but one which, taken in its own particular frame, is not without its recommendable angles. Vocally she contributed estimably to the whole.

Mr. Bodanzky's orchestra for Lohengrin hardly resembled the glowing organism that served Mr. Serafin for his music-making. But there was not the most urgent necessity for such a resemblance, since the orchestral viewpoint of Wagner in these music dramas is hardly the

same. Mr. Bodanzky on this occasion did something that is not always permitted him—he realized everything that he set out to do with the score, which was therefore unhandicapped by other than Mr. Bodanzky's own shortcomings. A biting sort of surface brilliance characterized the performance in general, and it was not unpalatable.

The chief element of indigestibility was furnished by Mme. Jeritza, who enacted that thoroughgoing dumbbell, Elsa, by means of an approximate million yards of Red Cross nursing attire. In the first act she committed every vocal sin we have ever known about and several that were new to us. Thereafter she was more justly disposed toward the business of singing, though she adhered steadfastly to her swoonful tactics, so far as the roving eye was concerned. The rest of the affair blossomed with fruitful endeavor. Messrs. Bohnen, Schorr and Laubenthal did themselves their own individual justice, and Mme. Branzell, the Ortrud, compensated for a preoccupied stage presence by well considered vocalism.

THE PERFORMANCE given Mr. Taylor's opera, which fell to the lot of the Saturday matinee subscribers, was one which began rather tremulously and, gaining constantly in spirit and impetus, finished in a stirring heat of enthusiasm. This circumstance served once again to make striking the cogent power of the final act, which is illumined with an irresistible sense of heartful significance. The line of movement in this music is considerably more than ordinary, and its surefootedness is not more notable than its success as dramatic tonal art. One forgets entirely the craftsmanship that is attested here, and is moved, as he was meant to be, by the pointedness of music that is occupied with human elements. One cannot, even if one were so minded, deny the inner surge of the denouement, from Eadgar's first anguished discovery of his betrayal to the fine sorrow of the concluding choral threnody which wails the self-destroyed Aethelwold. This is poetry of word and tone, and its genuineness is inescapably felt.

In its best moments this was perhaps the best "Henchman" that has yet been allotted New York enthusiasts. The casted personnel, entering upon its third season with this specimen of native music drama, is no longer what might be called acutely "note-conscious," and consequently is able to enact the tale naturally and with conviction.

The cast, in principal, was composed of the identical English-singing persons who disported themselves through Merrie England at last season's performances. Mr. Edward Johnson was the Aethelwold, romantic of bearing and in exceptionally good voice; his singing was natural and free, and intuitively expressive. The Eadgar of Mr. Tibbett was, perhaps, the most perfectly realized of all the protagonistic activities. To the summatory scene we have mentioned he lent much of its dignity by noble vocalism. There were additionally to be specifically commended the Aelfrida of Mme. Florence Easton and Mr. George Meader's Dunstan. Mr. Serafin conducted with a superior quality of effectiveness, though there were details beneath the surface which eluded his zealous baton.

Reviews of Other New York Music Appear on
Pages 46, 48, and 50 of This Issue.



MR. EDISON TUNES IN

HE WHO TRIED TO MAKE US INTELLIGENT BY QUESTIONS NOW TURNS TO THE BROADCASTER

By David Sandoz

IF YOU would know the musical tastes of celebrities, you may appease your curiosity by tuning in on a new feature recently launched by the Edison Industries. Under these auspices, this feature, dedicated to broadcasting the best known works of the great and near great, will disclose to a palpable world the favorite music of a different personage each Monday night over the NBC System. A complete list of the victims slated in this exposé is as yet unavailable, but an inkling may be gained from the first clinic in which none other than Thomas Alva Edison himself was the subject. And as we go to press, Charles Evans Hughes stands awaiting his turn. Thus do the Edison imposers plan to mix human interest appeal and curiosity with musical ingredients to lure listeners to their presentations.

IN THE event you weren't present at the curtain raiser (and if it matters), the following is the report of Mr. Edison's clinics. For the electrical wizard, the epitome of opera is represented by "The Last Rose of Summer," while of all the ballet music he prefers most "The Dance of the Hours." In the piano literature, Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody comes first with Laidoff's "Music Box" tinkling a close second. Nor is the realm of jazz without fascination for the rubber wizard . . . especially since mom had to be made on the program for one of his recording dance bands.

In casting about for delineates to perform Mr. Edison's musical pets it was but natural that the impresario should turn to the roster of the recording company which bears his name. And so Frieda Hempel was called upon for the vocal components, Moriz Rosenthal for the piano and B. A. Rolfe's multiple-named aggregation for the "lighter" numbers.

THE theme song, next to the talkies the movies' most aggravating carbuncle, has invaded broadcasting. But the broadcasters utilize this device with such refinement and delicacy of touch that we hail its advent with peans of approbation. There are flourishing today many theme songs of great genius, but honorable mention goes to the brilliant *leitmotif* of a prominent electric carpet cleaner outfit. This runs "for it beats, as it sweeps, as

it cleans." And even greater honor is awarded to that of the dental appurtenance purveyor which ends with "You're the first thing I think of in the morning and the last thing I think of at night."

THE foregoing really evoke more pity than scorn. Your average business man is accustomed to having the space bought for his printed advertising de-



TO P. AND A.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE PRESENTS MISS HAZEL ARTH, OF WASHINGTON, WITH THE GOLD DECORATION AWARDED BY THE ATWATER KENT FOUNDATION FOR THE FIRST PRIZE IN THIS YEAR'S NATIONAL SINGING CONTEST. IN ADDITION TO THE MEDAL MISS ARTH RECEIVED \$5,000 IN CASH AND A TWO-YEAR SCHOLARSHIP FOR STUDY.

voted entirely to his product. Bitter tears are shed when it is suggested the radio appropriation would be best invested if it were devoted mostly to entertainment. Unless his trade name or slogan punctuates each number, the sponsor considers his precious dollars but cast to the winds (as indeed literally they are) and becomes peevish at what he considers the modicum of self-exploitation obtained. In this respect, our distraught friend might gather enlightenment, as well as hope, from the sustaining features. Ironically, it is these features which with a few well-handled commercial hours enjoy most good will. And as the winning of good will is the prime motive behind commercial features, the way should be clear.

FOR reasons best known to themselves, the broadcasters regard the legion of early evening listeners with but step-fatherly concern. Most prodigal in their lavishments upon after-eight-o'clock addicts, their allotments to dinner hour listeners are niggardly in the extreme. Lecturers, beauty advisers, weak tea-dance orchestras . . . these and similar entertainers, save in a few instances, make up the twilight radio fare. Now it seems to me that not only is this rank partiality but poor business acumen as well. The period so grossly shunned by the advertisers finds the greatest number of prospective customers within hearing of the family loudspeaker. And the conviviality which permeates those about the festive boards should also, it would seem, be conducive to receptive radio listening. Much more so than when the card tables are set up . . . or the family has departed for visible forms of entertainment.

SOPHIE BRASLAU and Nikolai Orloff, whose places in the musical firmament are of such common knowledge as to need no further elucidation here, were twin stars in a recent Atwater Kent hour. Both twinkled luminously if not with brilliance and did nothing to lower the well-known A. K. standard.

MUCH as Walter Gieseking is revered for his piano playing, he deserves greater credit for his courage. The spirit with which he entered into the ill-designed doings "At the Baldwin" attested to his sportsmanship, and the fact that his keyboard activities proved brilliant as ever speaks much for his poise. Had the Baldwin powers-that-be been present to hear the snickers which their "continuity" evoked from this scrivener's guests they might have been set to thinking. A battalion of De Pachmanns would suit the present mode of presentations much better.

THE SLUMBER HOUR, the NBC's completely delightful musical period which ends WJZ's broadcasting day is heartily and unequivocally endorsed by this department. Under the direction of Ludwig Laurier, the orchestra of nine pieces attains surprisingly effective results with programs of the best standards.



CHARLES HACKETT

Romeo to a Million Juliets Waiting by Their Loudspeakers

Drawn for MUSICAL AMERICA by Roland Young

February 25, 1929

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RADIO

THE TURN OF THE DIAL

MONDAY, FEB. 25

9:30 p. m. Giuseppe De Luca and Gennaro Papi in General Motors Hour. Operatic and concert program. NBC System.

10:30 p. m. Milady's Musicians period. Program of old French music. NBC System.

10:30 p. m. United Choral Singers. CBS.

10:30 p. m. Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers" by the National Grand Opera Company. NBC System.

TUESDAY, FEB. 26

10 p. m. Curtis Institute of Music program includes Ernest Bloch's Concerto Grosso for piano and string orchestra, and Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." Wilbur Evans, winner 1928 Atwater Kent auditions, soloist. CBS.

10 p. m. Mendelssohn program by Lew White, organist. NBC System.

11 p. m. Slumber Hour. Concert program. NBC System.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27

8:30 p. m. Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro." United Light Opera Company. CBS.

8:30 p. m. Intimate Musicale. Hadley, Bach-Gounod, and Mendelssohn music. Baritone, soprano and string ensemble. NBC System.

10 p. m. Overture to Mozart's "The Magic Flute" and works by Tchaikovsky, Wolf-Ferrari, Debussy and Schumann in Kolster Hour. CBS.

10 p. m. Excerpts from "Cavalleria Rusticana" by The Continentals. NBC System.

THURSDAY, FEB. 28

8 p. m. Weber's "Oberon." United Opera Company. CBS.

9:30 p. m. Excerpts from Krenek's "Jonny Spielt Auf" are included in the Maxwell House Orchestra's program. NBC System.

10:30 p. m. Choral program by the Sixteen Singers. String Ensemble assisting. NBC System.

FRIDAY, MARCH 1

11 a. m. Walter Damrosch's RCA Educational Hour. First half; oboe, English horn and bassoon. Second half; percussion, (cymbals, tambourine, etc), NBC System.

4 p. m. Pacific Little Symphony Orchestra. Beethoven, Strauss, Berlioz, Cadman and Saint-Saens. NBC System.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2

8 p. m. Goldman Band. NBC System.

9 p. m. General Electric Hour, Walter Damrosch conducting. Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" Overture, Saint-Saens "Dance Macabre," Grainger's "Shepherd's Hey" and numbers by Tchaikovsky, Kalinkoff and Von Blon. NBC System.

SUNDAY, MARCH 3

Pro Arte Quartet and Georgia Standing, contralto. Schumann's Quartet in A and songs by Buck, Wolf and Brahms. NBC System.

2 p. m. Roxy Symphony Orchestra. NBC System.

3 p. m. New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Arturo Toscanini conducting. WOR.

3 p. m. United Symphony Orchestra. Saint-Saens' "Carnival of Animals," Mozart and Brahms. CBS.

4 p. m. Cathedral Hour. Verdi's Requiem. CBS.

6 p. m. Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Stock, conductor.

6 p. m. Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Stock, conductor. Nicolai, Beethoven, Delibes and Glazunoff.

7:30 p. m. Sigmund Spaeth and quartet in Old Company's educational program. "Home Melodies." NBC System.

7:30 p. m. Yelly d'Aranyi and others in "At the Baldwin."

9:15 p. m. Elisabeth Rethberg and orchestra under Josef Pasternack in Atwater Kent Hour. Massenet, Wagner, Mascagni, Griffes, Hageman and Gounod. NBC System.

10 p. m. Alma Gluck in De Forest Hour. (Chaliapin concert postponed). CBS.

MONDAY, MARCH 4

9:30 p. m. Frances Alda in General Motors Hour. NBC System.

10:30 p. m. Early American Music and numbers by Handel, Beethoven and Haydn in Milady's Musicians period. NBC System.

10:30 p. m. Victor Herbert's "Natoma" by the National Grand Opera Company. NBC System.

TUESDAY, MARCH 5

Gretchaninoff, Borodin and Glazunoff. Genia Fanorova, soprano, and string ensemble. NBC System.

11 p. m. Slumber Hour.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6

10 p. m. Kolster Symphony Orchestra. CBS.

10 p. m. The Continentals in operatic excerpts.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7

8 p. m. United Opera Company. CBS.

FRIDAY, MARCH 8

11 a. m. Walter Damrosch conducting the RCA Educational Hour. NBC System.

11 p. m. Slumber Hour NBC System.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9

9 p. m. Symphonic program by the General Electric Orchestra. Walter Damrosch, conducting.

SUNDAY, MARCH 10

2 p. m. Roxy Symphony Orchestra. NBC System.

3 p. m. New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. WOR.

6 p. m. Chicago Symphony Orchestra. NBC System.

7:30 p. m. Kathryn Meisle, Solon Alberni and male quartet in "At the Baldwin." Brahms, Verdi, Leoncavallo, Wagner-Liszt, Rossini and Bizet. NBC System.

9:15 p. m. Atwater Kent Hour. Allen McQuhae and William Simmons. NBC System.

MONDAY, MARCH 11

9:30 p. m. Albert Spalding in Vitaphone Hour. CBS.

CONTEST FOR NATIONAL ANTHEM EXTENDED

"Owing to unavoidable delay in selecting the ten best poems from the thousands submitted in the preliminary contest for words only, the National Anthem Committee voted to defer the closing date of the final contest (including the music) from February 1 to May 1, 1929."

So reads a statement issued in connection with the National Anthem Competition, conducted at room 1203, 342 Madison Avenue, New York. "This action was taken," the announcement continues, "because many music writers who had been looking forward to the possibility of setting to music the prize-winning poems would not have had sufficient time to do their best work before February 1."

The prizes, offered by Florence Brooks-Aten, are: First, \$3,000; second, \$1,000; and ten of \$100 each. Prizes of \$100 each have been awarded in the contest for words only to the following writers: Bertram Braley, New York; Frank B. Cowgill, Huntington Park, Cal.; Arthur Guiterman, New York; Minna Irving, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Mary Perry King, New Canaan, Conn.; Edwin Markham, Staten Island, N. Y.; John Moffit, Harrisburg, Pa.; Angela Morgan, Philadelphia; Grantland Rice, New York; W. Scott, Pittsfield, N. H.

Composers may use any of the poems, but the use of any one of them is not compulsory. Composers may write their own words if they wish, or may collaborate with poets.



PERSONALITIES

ACTIVITIES OF ARTISTS FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN



DAVID BARNETT is to give a piano recital in Carnegie Hall, New York, on March 6, playing music by Bach-Liszt, Franck, Chopin and Schumann.

* * *

NEVADA VAN DER VEER will give a New York recital in Carnegie Hall on March 26. Her bookings include appearances as contralto soloist with the Boston Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra, also with the Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh, the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, and the New York Oratorio Society.

* * *

BARBARA LULL, violinist, was soloist with the Portland Symphony Orchestra on February 4, and has also appeared in Boise, Idaho and Spokane. Her engagements extend from El Paso to Seattle.

* * *

WILLIAM GUSTAFSON, bass of the Metropolitan Opera, has signed a contract with Annie Friedberg to be heard in concert under her management next season.

* * *

ROBERT GOLDSAND, Viennese pianist who made his American debut two years ago, will return to this country next season under the management of Haensel & Jones.

* * *

PAUL ALTHOUSE will appear at the Ann Arbor Festival on May 25 in the title role of Saint-Saens' "Samson et Dalila." During the week of May 6, Mr. Althouse will sing at the Cincinnati Biennial Festival.

* * *

HANS KINDLER, cellist, has signed a contract to appear under the exclusive management of Concert Direction Annie Friedberg for a number of years. Mr. Kindler sailed for Europe on Feb. 8 to give about twenty concerts in Holland. From there he goes to London, Paris and Italy. During July and August he is booked for thirty-two concerts in Java and Sumatra.

* * *

THE PHILADELPHIA CIVIC OPERA COMPANY announces the following program for March: "Madame Butterfly," previously scheduled for March 13, will be given in English on March 7 with the following cast: Mmes. Stanley, Langston, Cornett, MM. Althouse, Eddy, Jusko, Mahler, Reinert and Walker. "Tosca" March 13, in Italian with Mmes. Kruse, Ressler, MM. Ardelli, Ivanzoff, Jusko, Lippe, Mahler, Cossovel, and Shillings. "The Marriage of Figaro," March 21, in Italian with Mmes. Peterson, Williams, Jepson, Irons, MM. Eddy, Gandolfi, Jusko, Mahler and Montgomery. These performances will be under the direction of Alexander Smallens. Karl T. F. Schroeder will have charge of the stage direction.

ISABELLE BURNADA, contralto, gave a concert in the Bancroft Hotel, Worcester, Mass., in the Edith Abercrombie Snow series on Feb. 3.

* * *

JANET COOPER and Burton Cornwall, soprano and baritone, will appear in Betty Tillotson's American Artists' Series in Steinway Hall, New York, March 8.

* * *

PAULO GRUPPE, cellist, has fulfilled Canadian engagements in Montreal, Quebec, Lachine, Chicoutimi and Rimouski.

* * *

ROSE RAYMOND, pianist, gave a successful New York recital at the Guild Theatre Feb. 24.



EMANUEL ONDRICEK, CZECH VIOLINIST, CONDUCTOR AND COMPOSER.

THE MANHATTAN SYMPHONIC ORCHESTRA, conducted by Emanuel Ondricek, will give a concert in Carnegie Hall, New York, February 27, with Ruth Posseit as violin soloist. The program is to consist of Czechoslovakian and Russian music, several compositions receiving first performances.

* * *

ALEXANDER GAVRILOV has been engaged by the Forum of Philadelphia for a series of performances, beginning April 12, with his Ballet Moderne. In March Mr. Gavrilov will present "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" with the Civic Opera Company of Philadelphia.

* * *

VLADIMIR SHAVITCH, conductor of the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra, was to sail early in February for Berlin to assume his duties with the Berlin Symphony Orchestra for the balance of the season. Mr. Shavitch will conduct the concerts in Berlin, also taking the orchestra on tour.

EDYTHE BROWNING, American dramatic soprano, will give a New York recital in the John Golden Theatre on April 14.

* * *

CHARLES NAEGELE, pianist, is engaged for the Baldwin Hour which will be broadcast on March 17 from Station WJZ and associated stations. He will start soon on a short southern tour, and will spend a week at Nassau before returning to fill engagements during March.

* * *

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET will give its third and last New York subscription concert in the Town Hall February 26. The program will consist of the Mozart Quartet in D, Brahms' C minor, Op. 51, No. 1, and the Smetana in E. minor. The farewell appearance of the quartet will be made in the Town Hall Sunday afternoon, March 17, in aid of the Musicians' Foundation, Inc., and with the collaboration of Ernest Schelling, pianist.

* * *

DOROTHY GORDON was heard to advantage in a program of folk songs for young people given in the Heckscher Theatre, New York, on the afternoon of February 2. With Adele Holsten at the piano, she presented American mountain songs, melodies sung by Negro regiments in France in the World War, and numbers drawn from the resources of England, France, Ireland and Scotland.

* * *

IGNACE HILSBERG is to play the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky, on February 28.

* * *

ALIX YOUNG MARUCHESS has been giving many programs this season, playing the viola and viola d'amore. Bookings on her list have included appearances as follows: Brooklyn Museum; Steinway Hall, New York; the MacDowell Club; the David Mannes School in New York; Worcester; Poughkeepsie; Stamford, Elmira; Hotchkiss School, Connecticut; Knox School, New York; Low and Heywood School, Connecticut, and the Horace Mann School.

* * *

THE RUBINSTEIN CLUB, New York, of which Mrs. William Rogers Chapman is president, will give its third morning musical on Feb. 27 in the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Patricia O'Connell and Vernon Jayson are announced to sing, and Antoinette Ward will give a demonstration of memorizing, assisted by piano pupils. The club announces its twenty-sixth annual white breakfast for May 1, with Mrs. G. P. Benjamin as chairman.

Sergei Rachmaninoff

WHEN Sergei Rachmaninoff began his piano recital on February 16 it seemed as if he were not fully in the mood to play, as if he were about to fulfill a duty he had contracted to perform rather than a task which was also to be a pleasure. In Mozart's Sonata, No. 14, and in the Sonatas in D minor and C of Scarlatti (the earliest numbers on the program), it was as if one stood on the mountain top and found the prospect slightly obscured. But by the time Mr. Rachmaninoff reached the middle of Schumann's "Carnaval," and especially as he proceeded to the Ballade in G minor of Chopin and his own paraphrase of Kreisler's "Liebesfreud" the mist had entirely melted and then indeed did the morning stars sing together.

It is doubtful if any pianist since Busoni possesses a mind as vigorous as Mr. Rachmaninoff's, or an equipment as all-embracing as his. He begins, apparently, where most pianists leave off; he can afford to discard possessions to which they still must cling, and his imagination penetrates to regions which they have not yet discovered or into which they dare not venture. He can also take little liberties with scores which might sound impudent if indulged in by players of lesser wisdom, but which, in his case, have almost the effect of being authorized by the composers. It is not likely that Chopin played his Nocturne in D flat with a tone as virile as Mr. Rachmaninoff evoked, yet there was in this virility a delicacy and a finesse usually associated only with artists who specialize in music of the finest texture. It may be, too, that Mr. Rachmaninoff visualized the "Davidbundler" climax of the "Carnaval" as something bigger than ever Schumann dreamt it should be; sheer brilliance replaced the humorous pomposity with which many pianists have effectively interpreted the Marche; but it was brilliance of the sort that threatened to efface all other memories.

After the program had come to an end with the "Liebesfreud," a work richly expressive of Mr. Rachmaninoff's searching thought, a clamorous audience which used up all the space Carnegie Hall had to offer, maintained applause which brought an extended series of encores. Among these was the Prelude in C sharp minor, but even after this Nunc Dimitius had been disposed of, optimists lingered with the air of waiting indefinitely in the hope of hearing more.

P. K.

Heinrich Schlusnus

HEINRICH SCHLUSNUS gave one of the few really distinguished and altogether admirable vocal concerts that the season has brought forth on Sunday evening, Feb. 3. Favorable comment about his début appearance here last year and

his fine European reputation assembled a crowd that filled the house.

Mr. Schlusnus was disposed to sing a program that differed in arrangement and content from his printed list, so consequently announced his own songs. He began with a Schubert group: *An die Leier*, *Der Wanderer an den Mond*, *Am See*, and *Dem Unendlichen*. So completely successful was he in delivering these with the necessary directness, simplicity, and sincere sentiment that he was recalled four times by the audience. His second group had four of Dvorak's *Biblische Lieder*, songs of unquestioning faith and heroic ardor of

arias were rightly on a bigger scale, each a part of a deft, individualized characterization. Sympathy with the chosen text, disciplined emotion, and ability to translate these into music bespeak sound musicianship.

Mr. Schlusnus' voice is one of the loveliest baritones to be heard today. It is manly, powerful but sweet, even and flexible, resonant throughout its wide range, and it avoids monotony in color. It is trained in the method of Italian *bel canto*, and makes use of the head voice. Franz Rupp, one of Germany's finest young accompanists, gave efficient, sympathetic support at the piano.

A. P. D.

Arthur Shattuck

A PROGRAM of more than usual interest was presented in Steinway Hall on Monday evening, Feb. 5, by Arthur Shattuck, pianist. It was composed exclusively of old music, from Palestrina in the sixteenth to Bach in the eighteenth century. Buxtehude, Couperin, Lully and Purcell were also on the list.

The appropriateness of Steinway Hall to music of this sort is something realized by too few recitalists. His choice of it was but one instance of the good taste that is Mr. Shattuck's outstanding characteristic as a musician. His is a talent rather of the study than of the concert-hall. It tends, that is to say, towards the academic but it is always commendably free from affectation.

There is a limit, however, to the capacity of the listener for concentrating on essence and ignoring effect. That limit does not permit him to taste the joys of the other worldliness of Palestrina's music when it is presented to him on the piano. It is just because Palestrina knew so much better than to ignore sensuous effect that his music does not translate well. Its sonorities are nicely calculated for voices and only for voices.

Mr. Shattuck's purely pianistic talents are not exceptional. His tone is too uniformly leaden. But he has an authoritative and sympathetic understanding of ancient music and he is fortunate in his ability to share it with his listeners.

A. M.

Gabrilowitsch as Soloist

A SCHOLAR and a gentleman, Ossip Gabrilowitsch was exactly in this character when he played Beethoven's "Emperor" Piano Concerto and conducted the Fifth Symphony of Tchaikovsky at concerts given by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall on the afternoon of February 7 and the evening of February 9.

Whether one is deeply moved by Mr. Gabrilowitsch's readings of emotional music depends upon whether the auditor pre-

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RUTH BRETON stirred her audience to storms of applause at her latest New York recital (Feb. 10) and was again acclaimed by the critics of the leading metropolitan papers.

"The warm tone, technical dexterity and rhythmical brilliancy which distinguished Miss Breton's playing in former seasons, once more impressed the large audience which had gathered to hear and applaud the young artist."—*New York Times*.

"Miss Breton proved afresh that she is a sensitive musical interpreter and possessor of a refined and vibrant tone."—*New York American*.

"One of the best women violinists who do honor to the teaching of Leopold Auer. Recalled again and again."—*New York Sun*.

"Playing notable both for its forcefulness and its good taste."—*New York Journal*.

"She has spirit, facility and musical intelligence."—*New York Herald Tribune*.

CONCERT MANAGEMENT ARTHUR JUDSON, INC.
113 West 57th Street

Steinway Piano

New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK MUSIC

(Continued from page 46)

fers sentiment to logic. Essentially independent, Mr. Gabrilowitsch obeys the dictates of his own conscience, and he would not be himself if he stepped over clearly defined boundaries of adaptation. When, therefore, he plays, Tchaikovsky, he does so in the manner of an intellectual, not after the fashion of those interpreters who delight in giving rein to a heady or physical impulse.

The result may not be what Tchaikovsky intended; certainly it differs from popular conceptions, but it bears the impress of authority and is replete with sincere expression of the kind that is always under well regulated control.

In details of homogeneity and mechanical precision, the performance of Beethoven's Concerto at the second concert was less satisfactory than that of the symphony. Hans Lange conducted; and while his musicianship is unquestioned, he did not dispel a suspicion of uncertainty that interfered with the general effect.

P. K.

Clara Rabinovitch

WHEN Clara Rabinovitch gave her Town Hall recital in December we remarked that the overcoming of the obstacles which beset her path was a matter of conversion as much as of effort. Conversion, that is to say, to the belief that her interpretative activity should be directed towards finding the essence of the music rather than towards conveying upon it the rather doubtful benefits of an "original" reading.

She has not yet, as far as one could ascertain from her all-Chopin program in the Town Hall Tuesday evening, February 12, had this particular variety of religious experience. She is still more interested in the playing of the music than she is in the music itself. Her tendency to place her personality between the listener and the music has increased. To what was earlier a conscientious but mistaken effort to arrive at an individual interpretation Miss Rabinovitch seems now to have added affections more disturbing. She is thereby diminishing rather than increasing her artistic stature, and one would wish her to reverse the procedure.

Consider, say, the finale of the B flat minor Sonata of Chopin. It is all very well that the wind is playing over the graves. But there are harmonies and rhythms and phrases which Chopin employed to symbolize, and only vaguely to imitate, the funereal wind. It is these musical phenomena that we should like to hear a little more; to a certain extent we can be left to infer the literature for ourselves.

It is pretty safe rule, too, that when the composer is at his most whimsical and individual the performer must most completely subside. The rhythm of the mazurkas is doubtless wayward, capricious and all the rest. If it cannot be realized it can certainly not be imitated. Capriciousness and waywardness on the part of Miss Rabinovitch will not do; it is

N. Y. MUSIC OF THE COMING FORTNIGHT

February

25 evening Adele Marcus, pianist, Town Hall
Virginia Richards, soprano, Steinway Hall
"Trovatore"
26 evening Flonzaley Quartet, Town Hall
Mischa Levitzki, pianist, Carnegie Hall
New York Trio, Hunter College
Mary Seiler, harpist, and Jan van Bommel, Dutch baritone, Steinway Hall
"La Boheme"
27 evening Manhattan Symphony Orchestra, Emmanuel Ondricek, conductor, Carnegie Hall
Pro Musica All American Referendum Concert, Town Hall
Helen Lewis, soprano, Steinway Hall
Elshuco Trio, Engineering auditorium
"Jonny Spielt Auf"
28 afternoon Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, conductor, Carnegie Hall
"Walkure"
evening American Symphonie Ensemble, Carnegie Hall
George Meader, tenor, Town Hall
"Madama Butterfy"

March

1 morning Fourth Roosevelt Recital, auspices of the Misericordia Hospital Grand Ballroom, Hotel Roosevelt
evening Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, conductor, Carnegie Hall
Junior League Glee Club, Channing Lefebvre, conductor, and Yale University Glee Club, Morris W. Watkins, conductor, Town Hall
Amy Neill String Quartet, Steinway Hall
"La Gioconda"
2 morning Philharmonic-Symphony Children's Concert, Ernest Schelling, conductor, Carnegie Hall
afternoon Harold Bauer, Town Hall
Jascha Heifetz, Carnegie Hall
"Aida"
evening Leon Theremin, ether wave music, Carnegie Hall
People's Chorus of New York, L. Camilieri, Town Hall
Dorothy Roth, pianist, Engineering Auditorium
Free Concert by an orchestra conducted by David Mannes, Metropolitan Museum of Art.
3 afternoon Society of the Friends of Music, Bach's Passion according to St. John, Town Hall
Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, conductor, Carnegie Hall
Prague Teachers' Chorus, Metropolitan Opera House
evening Yelly d'Aranyi, violinist, Town Hall
Musical Art Quartet, assisted by Yolanda Mero, John Golden Theatre
Karin Dayas, pianist, Guild Theatre
Hubert Linscott, baritone, President Theatre
Hyman Tashoff, violinist, Engineering Auditorium
4 evening Antonio Sala, cellist, Town Hall
5 evening Nikolai Orloff, pianist, Town Hall
Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Goossens, guest conductor, Carnegie Hall
Symphonic Singers, Hotel Barbizon
6 evening August Werner, baritone, Town Hall
David Barnett, pianist, Carnegie Hall
7 evening Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, Carnegie Hall
Rudolph Gruen, pianist, Town Hall
Lucile Collette, violinist, Steinway Hall
8 evening Curtis Institute Orchestra, Carnegie Hall
9 afternoon, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Carnegie Hall
Valentine Aksarova, song recital, Town Hall

Chopin's irresistible Polish rhythms that we want to hear. Miss Rabinovitch hurried, it seemed to us, in the places where she should have lingered, and hesitated where the march of the rhythm needed to be most unmistakably forward. By so doing she did convey some impression of rhythmic uncertainty. Unfortunately, however, that is just the quality which the mazurkas should not have.

And when it came to the eloquent simplicities of the E major study they were lost in a great maze of *sehr ausdrücklich* and *bewegt*.

Miss Rabinovitch is certainly one of the most talented young pianists that have been heard this season. One regrets the more that she so unnecessarily stands in the way of a full realization of her potentialities.

A. M.

Paul Kochanski

P AUL KOCHANSKI assembled at Carnegie Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 8, a large audience which included such violinists as Prof. Leopold Auer and young Yehudi Menuhin. The Polish violinist began with a thoughtful reading of Bach's Prelude in E, Brahms' Sonata in A and the Bach Chaconne. A substantial item was Dohnanyi's own violin transcription from his orchestral suite *Ruralia Hungarica*. This opened with a rousing *Presto* of modern harmonies, having at one place a melody in high harmonics requiring a virtuoso's skill to play. The *Andante rubato* is in the spirit of a nocturne, with soft muted tones evocative to the imagination. The final *Molto vivace* has arresting folk-dance rhythms.

The final group was composed of short pieces, beginning with Nin's *Au Jardin de Landaraja*, "Dialogue." The Szymanowski *Notturno* had a floating, serene, ornamented melody high up in the scale. Mr. Kochanski's own "Flight (Caprice)," dedicated to Col. Charles Lindbergh, is composed of rapid passages depicting the motor of the plane as it rises, a snatch of *Yankee Doodle*, and a return of the flight passage; although it had but slight musical content this had to be repeated in response to the applause. The concluding number was an arrangement from De Falla's ballet, *El Amor Brujo*.

The added encores were inconsequential morceaux, such as seem to be the delight of violinists, but which are a sentimental bore to most other musicians.

As usual, Mr. Kochanski played with a brilliant technique—his fingers have a dexterity defying such onrushes of notes as those in the Dohnanyi work and his own "Flight." The tone is not brilliant, but carries well, and has a rare evenness of texture which shows to particular advantage when muted. The Szymanowsky Nocturne showed a fine sense of tonal variety.

Pierre Luboshutz played the difficult piano parts with a virtuoso technique, but with a subordination fitting for accompaniments.

A. P. D.

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MR. STOCK'S MOMENTS

THE CONDUCTOR'S COMPOSITION GIVES CHICAGO A TREAT

By *Albert Goldberg*

MUSIC from the pen of Frederick Stock is one of the greatest rarities upon programs of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and unusual interest therefore attached to the first performances of a new 'cello concerto written for and dedicated to Alfred Wallenstein, principal 'cellist of the orchestra, at the home concerts of Jan. 25 and 26.

Mr. Stock, perhaps, writes music in his idle moments, but the result is decidedly not music for other people's idle moments. As was to be expected from the scholarly conductor's past excursions into the creative field, the new opus is one of great complexity and erudition. Save for such of the composer's message as is contained in long flowing melodies, and frequent passages of rhapsodic cast, the full import of the piece was not to be discovered at a single hearing. The solo part is a compilation of the extremist difficulties, all of which caused the greatly gifted Mr. Wallenstein no more concern than the merest bagatelle. Both composer and performer were vociferously applauded.

Less profound was another new piece of music, *For the Day of the First Snow in Old Japan*, by D. E. Inghelbrecht, a French composer who thus made a first appearance on these programs. Brahms' third symphony, read in one of Mr. Stock's most genial moods, and the love scene from Strauss' *Feuersnot* were also included in the program.

OTTORINO RESPIGHI appeared as guest conductor and piano soloist at the Chicago Symphony Orchestra concerts of Jan. 18 and 19, playing his *Toccata* for piano and orchestra and directing the suite, *The Birds*, and the set of four symphonic impressions known as *Church Windows*. In Mr. Stock's absence Eric DeLamarter conducted the accompaniment to the *Toccata* and prefaced the program with Beethoven's Fourth Symphony.

Mr. Respighi is always an honored guest at these functions, and his ministrations were received with the closest public attention. The *Toccata* proved to be a sonorous work, not too heavily laden with original ideas, but set forth with that remarkable skill in disposing notes among the instruments of the orchestra which constitutes this composer's greatest claim to distinction. It was broadly and competently played by the author, although the considerable personal success he derived from the performance was doubtless more a tribute to his creative than his executive powers.

The *Birds*, like the *Toccata*, first heard here at this time, masks its scintillating virtuosity behind some delightfully ingenuous musical realism. Since humor is

the rarest of virtues in music, both orchestra and audience made known their affection for the piece in unmistakable terms. The austere beauty of *Church Windows* had been revealed last season by Mr. Stock and gained no new accents under the composer's baton.



MARY GARDEN, THE SHINING STAR OF THE CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA COMPANY, NOW SHINING IN BOSTON WHERE THE COMPANY IS PLAYING.

Mr. DeLamarter conducted Beethoven's Fourth with his customary scholarly feeling for style. But the Fourth remained a valley between two mountains.

The Prague Teachers' Chorus proved of sufficient renown in advance that a completely sold-out house greeted the visitors at their first appearance in the Auditorium, on Jan. 20. A festive spirit was in the air, and following a greeting from local Czechoslovakian singing societies grouped in the balcony, the concert givers responded with *The Star-Spangled Banner* from the stage. But once the serious business of the evening was under way it was immediately apparent that the fame of the chorus had not been exaggerated. Metod Dolezil seemingly exhausts the possibilities of that sometimes trying institution—the male chorus. The singing of a program entirely chosen from Czechoslovakian composers aroused the great audience to displays of deeply felt appreciation. So successful was the first concert that a second one, to be held Feb. 3, was also practically sold out as soon as announced.

The International Society for Contemporary Music held its first meeting of the

season at the Cordon Club on Jan. 14. A dinner and business session preceded a program consisting of Kodaly's *Sonata for 'cello solo*, Op. 8, Medtner's *Sonata for piano*, Op. 5, a *Sonatina for violin and piano* by Dorothy Smith, and Poulenc's *Sonata for clarinet and bassoon*. Kodaly's curious work had more than novelty in its construction. It was played from memory, in an astonishingly forceful and authoritative performance by Lillian Rehberg. The Medtner sonata had been heard previously this season at the recital of Leo Podolsky, who also played it at this time. Miss Smith played her own work with the splendid violinistic co-operation of Amy Neill, and is seemingly a composer of skill and vigorous ideas. Poulenc's *outré* piece, played by Alfred Frankenstein and Clark Kessler, made a distressingly trite ending to an otherwise uncommonly interesting program.

Pasquale Taraffo, Italian guitarist, made his first Chicago appearance in Orchestra Hall on Jan. 25. Signor Taraffo speedily proved that reports of his mastery of the behemothian fourteen-string guitar were not at all exaggerated. His treatment of many compositions of orchestral nature brought forth a surprising variety of effects. Especially charming was the profusion of episodes of the utmost delicacy, evidence of Signor Taraffo's sensitive musicianship. Technically, the reviewer's ordinary vocabulary does not suffice accurately to describe his many striking feats of dexterity.

HAROLD BAUER appeared in the Studebaker Theatre in his only Chicago recital of the season on Jan. 20. The genial pianist was in one of his mellowest moods and afforded great delight to a large audience. The major numbers of the program were Schumann's *Faschings-schwank*, Beethoven's *Sonata*, Op. 101, and Moussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exposition*.

Rosa Low, a soprano new to Chicago, introduced herself in most pleasant fashion at the Playhouse on Jan. 20. Mme. Low's claims to distinction are numerous. Her voice is a lyric organ of highly agreeable quality, expertly used as the instrument of a discriminating and communicative musical intelligence. A decorative stage presence aided the singer in gaining the high favor of her audience. Walter Golde provided accompaniments for a well-chosen program.

The London String Quartet made its first Chicago appearance of the season in the Goodman Theatre on Jan. 20. The distinguished art of the organization was evident in music by Tchaikovsky, Walford Davies, Haydn and Beethoven.

NEW YORK MUSIC

(Continued from page 48)

Ruth Breton

RUTH BRETON is one of those musicianly young violinists whose recitals will always be welcome; she does not try to dazzle us with that often empty and annoying uncanny violin technique, but plays her well-chosen program according to the composer's intention. She approaches her task graciously and modestly, without a vestige of display.

A Sonata in E minor by Mozart opened her Gallo Theatre concert on Sunday evening, Feb. 10. Both Miss Breton and her accompanist, Walter Golde, showed a liking for this graceful classical work with nice, accurately balanced phrases of singing melody. Next came three short numbers, a Praeludium, Scherzo, and Variations, arranged by Willem de Boer from manuscripts of anonymous eighteenth century Dutch composers, music which has lain undiscovered these many years in a private collection in Amsterdam. Miss Breton is the first to play them in New York. The Praeludium is stately, with long melancholy strains, the Scherzo has the elegance and grace of a minuet, with a serious little interlude, and the Variations have independent, rugged thematic material put through the paces of the conventional variation form. Mr. De Boer's arrangements have preserved the old-time flavor, despite slight modernizations.

Arthur Benjamin's Sonatina for violin and piano was also played here for the first time. The audience liked the modern and at times atonal harmonies, the fragmentary melodies, and the bold, syncopated rhythms.

The numbers in the third and final group were all recent, unhackneyed works—Stravinsky's Serenata and Tarantella (from Suite on Themes by Pergolesi), Manen's Chanson, Gaubert's "Une Chasse-au loin," and Hubay's Hullamzo Balaton (Scene from the Czardas No. 5).

Miss Breton's playing throughout the evening was feminine in its grace, her phrasing was well-nuanced, her tone sweet but not brilliant, and her mood disciplined by intellectual good taste. Mr. Golde's accompaniments were of their customary excellence.

Josef Lhevinne

JOSEF LHEVINNE gave his first recital of the season at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 5, in the presence of an audience whose eagerness to get seats at the eleventh hour and the fiftyninth minute delayed the opening of the recital by some twenty-five minutes.

When it finally did get under way it was of a calibre which could not disappoint the aforementioned zealots. Mr. Lhevinne is not the most intellectual pianist of the day but his piano playing is of an exceptionally spontaneous and uninhibited beauty. He fares best, in consequence, with the more straightforward and the less reflective, the more picturesque and the less philosophical music.

In which of these categories the Sym-

phonic Studies of Schumann belong we do not know. They are, perhaps, witnesses, if any were needed, to show the folly and the meaninglessness of such classifications. At any rate Mr. Lhevinne gave them by all odds the best performance they have had, so far as we are aware, this year. To us, however, who are weary of the C sharp minor scherzo and the A flat polonaise of Chopin, his was not the talent to endow them with new and unsuspected glories. When it came to Debussy's *Terrasses des Audiences du Clair de Lune*, and *Feux d'Artifice*, Mr. Lhevinne clothed them with a tonal loveliness which he alone, perhaps, is able to give them. There followed numerous extras, among them dazzling performances of the Schulz-Evler Blue Danube Arabesques and various Chopiniana.

A. M.

Corona's Santuzza

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA was chosen for Leonora Corona's re-entry into the Metropolitan. It was a happy choice; the music of Santuzza suits her voice, and the character is one calling into play a dramatic sense that is probably as keen and intuitive as can be claimed by any other singer in the company. That Miss Corona will, with further study and experience, both sing and act better than she does now, is not to discredit. Her notes do not always float out with the greatest freedom, nor is her scale as even as it might be; but the voice is one of exceptional warmth, and her use of it is intelligent. Similarly in her acting, Miss Corona has something to learn in the matter of economy and in the building up of theatrical crescendos, but all these things are apparently within her reach. The question is not one of natural endowment, which is plainly evident, but of development. The opera, marking Miss Corona's first engagement as Santuzza at the Metropolitan, as well as her initial appearance of the season, was given at a special matinee on Lincoln's Birthday and had Ina Bourskaya, Armand Tokatyan, Lawrence Tibbett and Philine Falco in the cast. The conductor was Vincenzo Bellezza, who likewise led the subsequent "Pagliacci" in which the singers were Lucrezia Bori, Giovanni Martinelli, Giuseppe De Luca, Angelo Bada and Everett Marshall.

P. K.

Maier and Pattison

AN atmosphere of persistent good humor pervaded the John Golden Theatre on the Sunday evening of Guy Maier's and Lee Pattison's program of music for two pianos. It radiated from most of the compositions played, it was expressed by the players and reflected by the audience, and it needed none of Mr. Maier's rhythmic smiles for its sustenance. If the concert did not touch either the heights or the depths, it was as broad in its geniality as its presentation was fluid and sparkling.

A few numbers, it is true, were ostensibly in a more sober vein, but the majority ruled.

Not always in recent years have the Messrs. Pattison and Maier collaborated as successfully as they did this time. The old perfect unity of spirit, which had previously appeared slightly out of alignment, was again established; every phrase had absolute balance. A resume of the program may be taken as descriptive of the evening's worth, especially when one adds that the full value of every number seemed to be realized. Chopin came first, with his Rondo in C, Brahms' "Love" Waltzes preceded Mr. Maier's scintillant arrangement of the Scherzo from Schumann's Piano Quartet and Bauer's version of the Bach Fantasia and Fugue in A minor. Saint-Saëns' Variations on a Beethoven theme were followed by Rachmaninoff's rather commonplace Barcarolle; Goossens' "Rhythmic Dance" and "Three Little Pieces" by Stravinsky paved the way to "Turkey in the Straw" as set down by Dalies Frantz, and the climactic "Blue Danube" in Chasins' adaptation.

P. K.

Miss Moore's Juliet

PUGILISTIC artists have been known to take a punch "on the chin" in the first few seconds of an encounter (thereby causing their managers and admirers some degree of heart failure), and yet have pulled themselves together to win each succeeding set-to and finish in a blaze of glory. Far be it from us to draw an analogy between the lovely Grace Moore and a gloved warrior in any sense save courage; nevertheless her achievement of last Wednesday, Feb. 13, in Romeo and Juliet at the Metropolitan resembled just such a victory. In the opening pages of her Waltz Miss Moore was perilously close to losing her way. Nervousness undoubtedly caused her to sing half this air below pitch, yet with a sympathetic and smooth quality which gave promise for the scenes to come. This promise was more than justified, for Miss Moore's singing improved steadily both in quality and poise as the evening progressed, and she afforded many moments of rare pleasure. In the balcony scene she presented a charming, winsome picture, and her vocalism was flexibly sympathetic. The voice, when the slight unsteadiness due to nervousness and debuts has worn off, is one of the most meltingly beautiful that Metropolitan audience will hear in many a day. This is a fact that will be increasingly realized in the future. Let us go on record now.

Mr. Johnson was in good form, and his voice, bearing the final passage in the garden episode, was warm and telling. He was certainly a sympathetic partner for a debutante. Messrs. De Luca, Bada and Rothier were other distinguished protagonists.

H. S.

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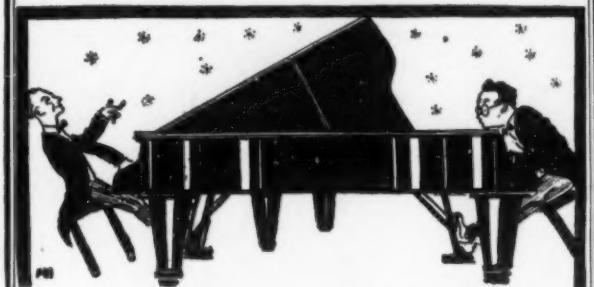
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International Newsreel

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE BOK MEMORIAL "SINGING TOWER" AT MOUNTAIN LAKE, FLORIDA: LEFT TO RIGHT, MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE, PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, WHO MADE THE DEDICATION ADDRESS, MRS. EDWARD BOK, MR. EDWARD BOK,

GOVERNOR DOYLE E. CARLTON, OF FLORIDA, AND MRS. CARLTON. THE "SINGING TOWER" CONTAINS THE LARGEST CARRILLON IN THE WORLD, AND THE ADJOINING BIRD SANCTUARY, DEDICATED TO THE BIRDS, IS THE LARGEST IN THE COUNTRY.

AUDITORIUM GOES TO RECEIVER

JUST A "FRIENDLY" ACTION OF PROTECTION

NO LONGER able to pay its own expenses, the Auditorium Theatre and Hotel Building in Chicago passes into a receiver's hands. Now that the Chicago Civic Opera Company has completed its final season in the Auditorium and will be established in a new home on Wacker Drive, the Auditorium has figured in court proceedings which led to the appointment by Judge Denis E. Sullivan of R. Floyd Clinch, president of the Chicago Auditorium Association, as receiver.

This action, described as "friendly" and as the only step that could be taken for the protection of those whose money is tied up in the enterprise, grew out of the petition of Emanuel J. Petru, a bondholder. It was based on failure to pay a first mortgage bond issue of \$834,000 bearing the date of forty years ago. The Auditorium Theatre has now no prospect of profitable operation, it was explained, and the hotel

has been operated at a loss for some time. Mr. Petru's investment was \$8,000, and it was stated he had the support of other bondholders to the number of 100. Mr. Clinch said the stockholders never received more than one dividend, and that was only 1½ per cent. Land values, bringing high taxes, have increased too fast for the building. A modern skyscraper on the same site could make money, but legal hindrances have prevented its erection.

The law firm of Kirkland, Fleming, Green & Martin acted for the petitioner.

Meanwhile, Chicago society leaders are agitated over the question of boxes in the new opera house.

Those patrons who have longest been loyal will have the first opportunity to pick and choose. Next in line for consideration come the guarantors. Then, if any boxes remain, they will be offered to the stockholders of the new building.

FLONZALEYS PLAY IN IDEAL SALON

For the first time in the course of its several visits to New Orleans, the Flonzaley Quartet was heard in a hall ideally suited to the presentation of chamber music when it gave its recent concert in the salon of Mrs. E. V. Benjamin's house. The acoustics of the room, which was filled to its capacity of 250, were splendid. The program consisted of Mozart's D major Quartet, the Pastorale from Ernest Bloch's Quartet in B major and Smetana's Quartet in E minor.

W. S.

OHIO HOSPITAL NURSES FORM GLEE CLUB

Nurses in training in the Memorial Hospital of Piqua, Ohio, have formed a glee club which recently gave its first concert in Greene Street Methodist Episcopal Church. Miss Dessa Shaw, superintendent of the hospital, formed the club. The conductor is Mr. Duff, who is in charge of music in Greene Street Church.

COS COB PRESS IS LAUNCHED

WILL PUBLISH AMERICAN COMPOSITIONS

INCORPORATION for the purpose of encouraging contemporary American music is announced by the Cos Cob Press of New York through its president, Alma M. Wertheim. Aiming to publish American compositions in orchestral and other forms, regardless of their commercial value, the Cos Cob Press has the informal sponsorship of the following conductors: Serge Koussevitzky, Boston Symphony; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Detroit Symphony; Leopold Stokowski, Philadelphia Orchestra; Fritz Reiner, Cincinnati Symphony; Nikolai Sokoloff, Cleveland Orchestra; Alfred Hertz, San Francisco Symphony; Georg Schneevoigt, Los Angeles Philharmonic; Willem van Hoogstraten, Portland Symphony; Sandor Harmati, Omaha Symphony; and Karl Krueger of the Seattle Symphony.

These men have shown their interest in the idea and have offered their support, it is stated, and they will be a direct medium through which new music will find its audiences.

Orchestral works by Aaron Copland, Louis Gruenberg, and Emerson Whithorne have been accepted for publication and will be available for performance in the autumn. The Press has also under consideration a number of other works by contemporary Americans.

Edwin F. Kalmus will be vice-president of the corporation and will act as manager and distributor in the United States and in Europe.

"The Press is anxious to receive serious manuscripts in any musical form," it is announced. "With the co-operation of publishing houses, musical organizations, and conductors in Europe, the Cos Cob Press hopes to open the Continental field to American composers." Offices are at 209 West 57th Street.

"The aim of the Cos Cob Press," says Mrs. Wertheim, "is not primarily a commercial one, but it is obvious that the American composer and his music will be better served if the Press can be made commercially successful. There is a growing conviction that American composition is becoming independent, authentic, and truly of this continent, and that American composers, particularly those who

are writing music in the larger forms, find it difficult to have their works published and almost equally difficult to have them performed. With the interest and assistance of leading conductors, soloists, libraries, schools, etc., the Cos Cob Press should be able to give the American composer the practical support which is necessary for him to function effectively."

LITTLE OPERA RECEIVES GALLI-CURCI GIFT

Costumes presented by Amelita Galli-Curci to the Little Theatre Opera Company, which plays in the Heckscher Theatre, New York, were used in productions of Bizet's "Djamileh" and "Phoebus and Pan" by Bach.

Mme. Galli-Curci's gift is an expression of her interest in the enterprise and followed her visit to the company as a guest. The costumes were chosen from her own wardrobe and include dresses worn by Rosalinda and Adele in "The Bat"; by Johann Strauss, and by Mrs. Page and Mr. Ford in the more recent production of Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor."



Wide World

ALMA M. WERTHEIM, FOUNDER OF THE ORGANIZATION FORMED TO PUBLISH WORKS OF AMERICAN COMPOSERS, WITH LOUIS GRUENBERG, AARON COPLAND, AND EMERSON WHITHORNE, WHOSE COMPOSITIONS WILL BE THE FIRST OFF THE COS COB PRESSES.

LOTTA VAN BUREN IS HONORED AT YALE

The work done by Lotta Van Buren, authority on old keyboard instruments, in connection with the restoration of the Steinert collection owned by Yale University, was recognized at a private reception held in the president's room, Memorial Hall, at Yale. Instruments were then formally presented to the Music School, and Miss Van Buren played upon them.

Included among these thirty-nine specimens are several historic instruments. One, a Kirekman harpsichord, was formerly owned by Napoleon. Another is a piano which belonged to Haydn.

Miss Van Buren spent a sabbatical year from her concert work in order to consummate this restoration, but next season she will again tour America, using old instruments, some of which date back to the days of Queen Elizabeth.

ALL DAMROSCH BOOKINGS NOW MADE BY ENGLES

"Walter Damrosch's entire professional activities will henceforth be under the exclusive management of the National Broadcasting and Concert Bureau," it is announced by George Engles, director of the bureau. "This arrangement covers Mr. Damrosch's concert hall as well as his radio appearances."

Preceding his recent departure for Hot Springs for a two weeks' vacation, Mr. Damrosch said of his new contract:

"It will be necessary for me to limit my activities to my radio work and my occasional appearances as guest conductor. I regret I cannot accept all of the invitations to lecture that come to me from all over the country. Were I to do so, I should be able to do nothing else 365 days in the year."

"The National Orchestra, with which I shall carry on my radio concerts, already represents a splendid body of musicians. It is only a matter of a short time before it will be so organized as to be the equal in artistic performance and technic of any major symphony orchestra."

Mr. Damrosch has begun his new series of Saturday evening concerts under the auspices of the General Electric Company. His series of RCA Educational Concerts, given for schoolchildren on Friday mornings, continues until the middle of May. The program for March 1 will deal with wind and percussion instruments.

YOU KNOW MR. DRIESER

(Continued from page 37)

phetic; it doesn't have to try to be. Genius not alone reflects the sum total of its past experience, it looks forward and intimates the future as well. I remember distinctly that the first time I read Dostoevsky I had the sensation of being carried far ahead of my day. I got the same feeling from Freud. But I haven't gotten it from any composer since Debussy.

MUSIC is behind the other arts—notably writing and sculpture—in finding forms in which to express the modern mind. Our musical standards are still traditional ones. We aren't prepared for the things that are being put before us as modern music. For that reason, there may be more beauty in them than we can see; on the other hand, they may be even shoddier shams than we suppose. Up to thirty years ago, the least show of revolutionariness in art damned a man. Systematized traditionalism held artistic expression fossilized into rigidity.

"Then what happened? A very natural reaction. Like a breath of pure air, the principles of a new freedom came into being, in France. Here was revolution on a sound and true basis. But the great and sound and honest revolt soon became swamped with cheap little hangers-on—every loon and lunatic that could write a line or twiddle a note, no matter how

imperfectly, 'joined the movement.' And the result, of course, is the artistic confusion we are still fighting to get free of. In music, the struggle isn't anywhere near solved. Music hasn't gotten out of the turmoil into peace and grandeur again. Doubtless a great modern composer will come—some day. He hasn't yet.

"One of the fields where a musical reformer is most needed, is that of the orchestra. Why should the same pat sets of instruments be kept year after year, without amplification or addition? There was objection when the saxophone was introduced into the orchestra. Why? The saxophone is a stirring instrument. The orchestra should be enriched, just as the alphabet should. I can make any number of sounds that I can't put down in writing, simply because there are no letters or symbols to express them with. Why should expression be limited that way? There's no earthly reason why I shouldn't be able to write down by sign or symbol every sound that can be made. And similarly, there is no reason why hundreds of sounds should continue to lie unborn in composers' minds, simply because the proper instrument with which to express them, hasn't yet been used. Something should be done to break down this fenced-in attitude towards instruments.

"As to distinctly non-musical sounds—

automobile horns or chains or whistles in music—they leave me profoundly cold and unstirred. I don't say that they haven't a place in music—I simply say that to date, they haven't been used in music in a way worthy to prove their value. Some day a genius may come who will know how to use a little of such mechanical noise to express greatly the spirit of a mechanical age. And there should be great, mighty music when he does come. But he hasn't arrived yet, and instead of being magnificent, a concatenation of mechanical noises proves merely dull.

OF the moderns, I like the Russian school best. The surprising thing about Russia is, that there is no distinctly radical music movement. In spite of the newness and revolutionariness of the government and of everything else, music in Russia is still conventional. The regular European operas and symphonies are being performed in all the large cities, and, as far as I could make it out, no really new native things are being created. The one musical form that they are working out in a new way, is the ballet or pantomime. And that is gorgeous!

"I got the greatest kick out of that. There you have mass movement—mass color—mass spirit, and the most stirring

(Continued on page 56)

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Hermann Reutter's *Der verlorene Sohn* and Hugo Herrmann's *Gazellenhorn* have been recently brought out at the State Opera of Stuttgart.

Edward Burlingame Hill, American composer and member of the department of Music at Harvard University, has been promoted to the rank of professor

**YOU KNOW MR.
DREISER**

(Continued from page 55)

effect of concerted and unified action. They have the National Soviet Ballet School, accommodating some fifteen hundred pupils, ranging in age from three to eighteen. They pay almost nothing for their tuition, and get the best to be had, by way of actual instruction, as well as the richest scenic materials with which to practise their art. This new ballet form is tremendously interesting. I don't say there is any definite political connection between communism in government and mass spectacles on the stage; the two simply seem to have come into a tremendous being together. All the ballets produced in some way glorify the people, or the spirit of humanity, rather than the kings or princelings of orthodox operatic lore.

"Free of religion as they are, these Russians put on Hugo's *Notre Dame*, exactly as it is written. They leave out nothing, as another country would have to do, because it might offend priests or zealots. They give it like *Coq d'Or*—pantomime, accompanied by voices off-stage—and I tell you it was like getting to Heaven, to sit there and witness that magnificent, moving mass spectacle. I forgot the cold outside—I forgot I was lonely and in a strange land. There was nothing to do but glory in the ecstasy of it. Nowhere but in Russia could they put on such vivid and human mass-spectacles. And fortunately, Russia is doing it as well as it is possible to do it!

"They haven't any too much money there, but they're able to produce the finest things. It is part of the Russian makeup to venerate art. I know for a fact that men like Stalin—people who actually bear the burden of running the government—are content to work hard for as little as a hundred and twelve dollars a month. They ask no better. But a man who is recognized as an artist—as a potent factor in building up the country's artistic life, is feted the way royalty used to be, and is paid, proportionately speaking, a higher salary than he would be paid here. I wish we might learn a little of Soviet Russia's reverence for art."

**WILL DEDICATE HALL
WITH CANTATA**

The new auditorium at Bethany College, Lindsborg, Kan., will be dedicated on Good Friday afternoon with the presentation of a cantata, *Pilgrims of the Prairie*, by Carl Busch of Kansas City, Mo. The text is by Dr. E. W. Olson of Rock Island, Ill. The cantata will be sung by the Oratorio Society of Lindsborg and Bethany College.

A recital on Easter Sunday will be sung by Gina Pinnera.

The organ in the old Lindsborg Auditorium is being reconstructed and will be installed in the new hall in time for the Holy Week Festival.

F. A. C.

Musical America

FOR LOVE OF MONEY

(Continued from page 19)

ants, being loyal Southerners, cast out the anthem of their distinguished ancestor, refusing either to sing or acknowledge it.

The several attempts to broaden the thought and simplify the music of the "Star-Spangled Banner" have never reached consummation.

Few realize today that until the Great War, "Hail Columbia," or "The President's Air," as it used to be called, was considered the American national hymn by a great many European nations. To the strains of this bombastic old song, also a product of Paine's borrowing proclivities, the first American ship glided through the Kiel canal. Again it was played by a

Paris orchestra when Thomas A. Edison formally opened the Grand Opera House in Paris, 1889. But now it may be dismissed as the "most threadbare of our national songs."

LIKEWISE it is a shock to discover that America, for a long time, seriously subscribed to "Yankee Doodle" as its national anthem. During the ceremonies at the surrender of Yorktown, it was this ditty that represented the conquerors. Apropos of the same air, a story is told of John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay at the signing of the Treaty of Ghent in 1814. The burghers, in homage to the distinguished guests, resolved to serenade the British and American ambassadors with their respective national anthems. Inquiring of Henry Clay, they learned that "Yankee Doodle" was the American "hymn," but no one could furnish music. Finally Clay called his colored servant, "Bob, whistle 'Yankee Doodle' to this gentleman," he ordered. Bob pursed his lips, and as he trilled the notes his auditors transcribed the first American "national anthem" ever heard in Europe!

DEERFIELD AGAIN WINS GLEE CLUB CONTEST

Deerfield Academy was again victorious in the Inter-Preparatory School Glee Club Contest held in Town Hall, New York, on February 2. Schools listed in the competition were Berkshire, Choate, Deerfield, Hotchkiss, Loomis, Pawling, Peddie, Riverdale, Taft, Williston and Worcester. Of these Taft and Deerfield had each won the prize cup twice; Choate and Worcester had taken it once.

These "prep" school singing contests were founded by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pickernell as an outgrowth of the inter-collegiate contests under the same auspices. The judges on this occasion were Huntington Wordman (chairman), Robert A. Simon and David McKay Williams.

Deerfield Academy not only won permanent possession of the trophy by attaining its third victory, but also gained the silver cup for the best original school song: "Sons of Deerfield," by Ralph Oatley.

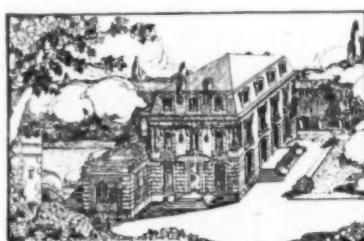
All the clubs joined in a final group by Dr. Davison, Deems Taylor, Barnby and Grieg, directed by Channing Lefebvre.

PUPIL OF RUBINSTEIN DIES IN CHICAGO

David Walton Perkins, a pupil of Rubenstein and Mills, died in Chicago on February 9 at the age of eighty-one. He had taught in that city for fifty years. The Sherwood School of Music was founded by him in 1897, and since 1907 he had been president of the Chicago College of Music. In addition to writing a book on technic, Mr. Perkins composed numbers of vocal and instrumental works. He was born in Rome, N. Y.

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THE MUSICAL AX OF RUSSIA

(Continued from page 23)

must perpetuate the spirit of nature in our artificial cities, commented Rimsky-Korsakoff. "That is the reason why I employ the legend themes in my operas."

"But we have to decide now upon a vigorous revolutionary rhythm which we could employ for shattering the walls of the monarchical forts," suggested Professor Reusner. "There is a destructive rhythm, as I was told by a wise man of Mongolia, who showed me the result of his experiments with desert hounds. Two of them were raised under the perpetual rhythmic influence of destructive drumbeats, two under those of playfulness and petting. The dogs reared under the destructive rhythm were ferocious, while the others—of the same stock—were tame and affectionate."

All this leads to a very interesting discussion on revolutionary rhythm, a kind of sad and desperate march, which, strange to say, has become the psychic background of the whole Russian upheaval and still maintains its grip, not only in the development of music and arts, but on the whole social life. When, after an absence of twenty years, I visited Moscow a year ago, I was struck by that mystic rhythm of life, that atmospheric aura, which forms the background of the whole Soviet spirit—and I was shocked by the memory of our conversation in Tammerfors, where that very rhythm was, so to say, launched.

GLEE CLUBS PREPARE

The fourth annual New England Inter-collegiate Glee Club contest will be held in Symphony Hall, Boston, on March 1. The event is to be one of a series of sectional contests held simultaneously all over the country. Winners in each group will visit New York the following week and sing competitively in Carnegie Hall for the championship.

The New York final contest has been won by New England institutions for the past three years, by Dartmouth College last year and Wesleyan for each of the two preceding years.

Colleges that have entered the New England sectional contest are: Amherst, Boston College, Boston University, Bowdoin, Clark, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Middlebury, North Easter, Vermont, Wesleyan, Worcester Polytechnic and New Hampshire.

W. J. P.

GIVE INDIAN MUSIC

Indian music and dances were effectively presented at the Juvenile Theatre in San Francisco, the event being sponsored by the Women's City Club and Alice Seckels. Lester Horton staged the program, with the assistance of Albert Paul, a Kutenai Indian from Montana. Paul Doane and Dorothea Johnston also took part.

M. M. F.

Musical America

PROMETHEUS IN TIN PAN ALLEY

(Continued from page 29)

during his work. Not only a human being, but even a favorite dog was a bother. Most of the time during these walks was spent in composition. He thought out the leading ideas, pondered over the construction of the work and jotted down fundamental themes. If Tchaikovsky had left his notebook at home, he noted down his passing thoughts on any scrap of paper, letter, envelope, or even bill, which he chanced to have with him. The next morning he looked over these notes and worked them out at the piano. Unexpected guests were treated most inhospitably, but to invited guests he was amiability itself.

"Two years after his American visit, in the fall of the year 1893, he drank a glass of water that had not been boiled and his brother Modeste was dismayed at his imprudence. But Tchaikovsky was not in the least alarmed and tried to calm his brother's fears. He dreaded cholera less than any other illness. Descriptions of his last moments are well known. Tchaikovsky declined to send for his favorite doctor, Bertenson. Towards evening his brother grew so anxious that he sent for the doctor on his own accord. When Bertenson arrived he at once saw that the illness was serious and summoned his brother, also a physician, for a consultation. The composer was growing weaker and complained of an intense pain in the chest. More than once he said: 'I believe this is death.'

"After a short consultation, the brothers Bertenson, the two leading physicians in St. Petersburg, pronounced it to be a case of cholera. All night long those who nursed him fought against the cramps. His courage was wonderful and in the intervals between attacks of pain, he joked with those around him. He constantly begged his nurse to take some rest, and was grateful for the smallest service.

"Gradually he passed into the second stage of the cholera, with its most dangerous symptoms—complete inactivity of the kidneys. He was partially unconscious. A warm bath was tried as a last resource, but without avail and soon afterwards his pulse grew so weak that the end seemed imminent. When the priest from the Isaac Cathedral arrived to administer the sacrament, the composer was unconscious. The priest chanted prayers in clear and distinct tone, but they did not seem to reach the ears of the dying man.

"At 3 o'clock in the morning of October 25, 1893, Tchaikovsky passed away. At the last moment an indescribable look of clear recognition lit up his face—a gleam which only died away with his last breath."

After several discussions with Professor Porohovshikov it was my fortune to be in Leningrad a year ago and I went to see Tchaikovsky's sister (Madame Nadjeja Porohovshikova).

The door of her house was heavily and securely bolted from within and, waiting outside, I could hear tumbling and

clanging as someone was taking down the iron bars. (During the riotous days of the Russian revolution and years afterward, Leningrad was infested with numerous bands of ruffians who raided residences).

"Who is there?" asked a woman's voice.

"I wish to see Madame Porohovshikova and give her regards from her son in America."

I was trying to speak as affably as possible. Presently the door opened wide enough to allow the person within to take



TCHAIKOVSKY IN 1877

a peep at the "intruder." I put on my best smile in an effort to radiate friendliness and good intentions. Once within the apartment, I took off my overcoat and removed my Russian rubbers that were caked with snow. An old woman of a small stature, her head covered with a traditional Russian shawl worn by peasants, led the way with mincing steps through the narrow hall into a small room with one window.

Madame Porohovshikova was sitting behind a small round table and was meditatively arranging cards in a popular Russian game "passiance," similar to our game of solitaire.

I introduced myself and told her that I left Atlanta approximately two weeks ago and brought regards from her son and her granddaughter—Mrs. Hal Davison—and her fine, rather pale aristocratic face was wreathed in a charming, motherly sort of a smile as I reverently kissed her extended hand.

"Good gracious," excitedly exclaimed the little old woman, who, I learned shortly, was Madame Porohovshikova's servant by the name of Seraphima. "Regards from Petichka!" And all smiles, she hurried with mincing steps to the adjoining room and brought a chair.

After telling Madame Porohovshikova about her son and granddaughter, our conversation drifted to things of a general character.

"When you get back to America," she

said, "you can tell my son how simply I live. You may tell him about these humble surroundings . . . Tell him that I live like a scholar—here is my narrow bed, here is a table and there is a chair."

Yet, during our conversation, this fine lady who is an octogenarian and who, by virtue of her birth, education, and personal qualities, rightly occupied high station in life before the revolution, revealed a remarkable character and stoicism with not a hint of complaint or grievance.

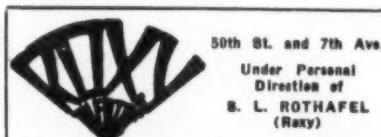
I LEARNED that her servant Seraphima or, as Mme. Porohovshikova calls her, "Mushka" (an affectionate and abbreviated form of Seraphima), has been her faithful servant for sixty years and that she loyally stayed with her during the turbulent days of the Russian revolution; and I could not help noticing that in their relationship there was not a trace of that common attitude of a superior toward an inferior.

Mme. Porohovshikova's physical surroundings may be narrow, as she says. . . . "Here is a table and there a chair." But her courage cannot be confined within the walls of her unpretentious domicile. It touches whomever meets her so deeply that henceforth he will always carry it with him.

PLAY FRENCH MUSIC

Early French music was heard at a concert given by faculty members of the Cleveland Institute of Music in Cleveland as part of the comparative arts course. Composers represented were Rameau, Couperin, Lulli, Dandrieu and Leclair. Those who took part in artistic performances were Theresa Hunter and Arthur Loesser, pianists; Andre de Ribaupierre, Margaret Randall and Raymond Pittenger, violinists.

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A LISTENER TO THE WINDS

(Continued from page 15)

ican concerts. Precisely as though music composed in America was so scarce and poor in quality that it could be guaranteed a hearing only when huddled together on a strictly American program! MacDowell explained that composers did not develop by such chamber-of-commerce methods—at first courteously, then bluntly, and later savagely . . .

If only the public possessed musical understanding! Here was something else for his ripening spirit to grapple with. He reflected much. Every artist, he became convinced, especially if his work possesses either an audacious or a subtle originality, must sooner or later give a part of his time to interpreting himself and his class to the public—unless, of course, he prefers to remain misunderstood. Even Guy de Maupassant sometimes had to write prefaces! And especially was this creating of music so much of a mutual process in which the public must sustain the composer by coming up within his reach, that it was absurd to assume the patronizing attitude that the public might be disregarded or condemned. Mozart, Weismann had observed, would have had a hard enough time composing a symphony if he had been born in the Samoan Islands. If only one could get at this American public and bring up the level of its musical comprehension!



STELL ANDERSON

CONCERT IS TRIBUTE TO PATRONS OF CHOIR

Stell Andersen, young Scandinavian-American pianist who, since her musical debut several years ago has been heard both in New York and on tour, will be the soloist at the invitation concert of the People's Chorus of New York, L. Camilieri conductor, to be given in Town Hall on March 2. Miss Andersen will play "Ecossaises" by Beethoven-Busoni, an Etude by Chopin, and the "Mephisto" Waltz by Liszt.

FAMOUS CARMEN DIES AT LUCERNE

MINNIE HAUK'S LIFE AS COLORFUL AS HEROINE SHE PORTRAYED

MINNIE HAUK, American prima donna and the outstanding Carmen of her day, died at Lucerne, Switzerland, on February 6 at the age of seventy-seven.

Next to Emma Calvé, whom she preceded by about a decade in the part, Minnie Hauk was the most famous Carmen in operatic history. She created the role in the United States and in England, and was the first to sing the title part of Massenet's "Manon" outside of Paris. She was also one of the first operatic artists of her day to break away from the stereotyped mechanical acting then in vogue and breathe into a character the breath of dramatic life. Among the leaders to take the field for opera in English, she was an early advocate of Wagner and sang Elsa and Senta, though she never attempted his more advanced works, probably because her voice was not of the heroic mold.

Minnie Hauk was born in New York, November 16, 1852. The family moved to Providence, R. I., shortly after her birth and later to Sumner, in Kansas. After a few years there, another move was made in the direction of New Orleans, and it was at Leavenworth City, on the way south, that Minnie, though less than ten years old, made her first appearance on the stage, with an itinerant company, substituting for an actress who was ill.

In New Orleans, when about ten, she was heard at a charity concert for the wounded of both Federal and Confederate armies, singing "Casta Diva" from "Norma" and coloratura arias from "The Crown Diamonds" and "La Gazza Ladra." A great future was predicted for her, and influential friends brought her to the notice of Ben Butler, who secured passage for the young artist and her mother on one of the Federal warships sailing for New York.

Once back in New York, events moved rapidly. At the home of Richard Mount, Minnie met August Belmont, Sam Barlow and Leonard Jerome, father of Lady Randolph Churchill. All three were enthusiastic over her voice and offered to place money at her disposal for European study. Through them also, she was able to hear her first opera in the Academy of Music, the work being Auber's "Fra Diavolo" with Clara Louise Kellogg as Zerlina.



International Newsreel
THE NOTED DIVA AS CARMEN, THE
ROLE THAT MADE HER FAMOUS.

Acting on the service of Max Maretz, the impresario, Miss Hauk studied with Achille Errani, and soon mastered the leading roles in nine operas. She made her debut, in a semi-public way, in Mr. Jerome's private theatre at the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, in "Linda di Chamounix" in the fall of 1866.

In the meantime, the Academy in New York had been destroyed by fire, so Miss Hauk's public debut was accomplished at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, as Amina in "La Sonnambula," October 13, 1866, when not quite fourteen years old! She also appeared in "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Fra Diavolo," "Don Giovanni," "Crispino e la Comare" and "Faust." The following year, she created Juliette in the American première of Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette." This performance took place in the Academy of Music on December 14, 1867. At the close of the tour, Miss Hauk's parents decided to take her abroad to continue her studies. Declining money offered by Mr. Jerome, Mr. Belmont and Mr. Barlow, Miss Hauk accepted a loan from Gustav Schirmer, the music publisher, which she repaid with interest during her first operatic

season abroad. Her Paris debut was made in "La Sonnambula" in the spring of 1869, in the Salle Ventadour at the age of seventeen, and she was said to have been the first American singer to appear in a Parisian opera house. Engagements with Colonel Mapleson for his London season at Her Majesty's Theatre and for the winter season at the Imperial Opera in Moscow followed.

After her Moscow engagement, Miss Hauk was heard in Vienna, where she achieved an immense popularity. There she arranged a benefit for the victims of the Chicago fire in 1871, appearing in Suppé's "Die Schöne Galatea" at the Carl Theatre with such success that directors offered her a contract on any terms she might name to star in light opera. She refused this, but later became the prima donna at the Ring Theatre, which was especially built for her for the purpose of giving the lighter grand operas on the

(Continued on page 63)

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THAT IMPIOUS DUM-TE-DUM

(Continued from page 21)

play on forever, but the songs they were singing were most decidedly not of an elevating nature. Three brothers by the name of Wedderburn decided to correct these abuses by a rather novel experiment—they would take many of the tunes of the people and set to them religious verses, and sometimes these religious verses would actually be paraphrases of the secular words, and therefore pass the more easily into popular favor and memory. They therefore issued the "Book of Gude and Godlie Ballates," which some authorities regard as the earliest English hymnal.

This, for example, is what they did to the favorite hunting song of Henry VIII himself. In its original version it read:

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh day,
And Harry our King is gone hunting
To bring his deer to bay.

And here are two verses of the Wedderburn version:

With huntis up, with huntis up,
It is now perfite day,
Jesus our King is gone hunting;
Who likes to speed they may.

The hunter is Christ, that hunts in haste
The hounds are Peter and Paul;
The Pope is the fox; Rome is the rocks
That rubs us on the gall.

They took a popular ballad, "John, Come Kiss Me Now," and by altering a few lines and the whole implication, made of it a religious hymn, reading thus:

John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by-and-by
And make no more ado.
The Lord thy God I am
That John does thee call;
John represents man
By grace celestial.

America, unhappily for the seeker of the curious in hymns, was able to import from England enough hymns and enough knowledge of hymn technique to avoid most such atrocities. There appeared in many old New England hymnals, however, a singularly delightful hymn written by an American Indian and transcribed with an evident attempt to preserve the red man's labored English. The Indian was William Apes, born probably in 1798 and later converted to the Christian religion. The hymn is long, but the first verse will show its refreshing naïveté:

In de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
Den me look heaben, send up cry,
Upon my knees so low,
Dat God on high, in shinee place,
See me in night, with teary face,
De priest, he tell me so.

The "Mormon" boy has a peculiar song all for himself, which incidentally shows how the Church of Latter-Day Saints is beginning to take pride in its nickname, much as the Quakers of an earlier day:

THE "MORMON" BOY

Kind friends, as here I stand to sing
So very queer I feel
That now I've made my bow, I fear
I don't look quite genteel;
But never mind, for I'm a boy
That's always full of joy—
A rough and ready sort of chap—
An honest "Mormon" boy.

CHORUS

A "Mormon" boy, a "Mormon" boy,
I am a "Mormon" boy.
I might be envied by a king,
For I'm a "Mormon" boy.

Then there is a song entitled "In Our Lovely Desert," by Eliza R. Snow, which may be somewhat lacking in poetry, but is nothing if not didactic! We quote the second verse only:

That the children may live long,
And be beautiful and strong,
Tea and coffee and tobacco they despise,
Drink no liquor, and they eat
But a very little meat;
They are seeking to be great and good
and wise.

And so the struggles go eternally on. Up from the people come the new and often naïve song impulses of the church. They are refined and sifted and often separated out. The best is preserved, and becomes a body of song that has swayed men and nations and altered history. The chaff remains for our tolerant amusement.

ERNESTO BERUMEN WEDS HIS PUPIL

Ernesto Berumen of New York, and Mary Frances Wood, who has studied piano playing under his direction for six years, were married in St. Patrick's Cathedral on February 5.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Joseph L. Cole of Watertown, an uncle of the bride. Laura Catherine Wood, her sister, was maid of honor, and Frank La Forge the best man. The bridesmaids were Mary and Margaret Connolly of Syracuse. Arthur Warwick, Ellsworth Bell, Albert Washabaugh and James MacKenna were ushers. Harrington van Hoesen sang, and Pietro Yon played the organ.

Mrs. Berumen is a graduate of St. John's Academy, Schenectady, N. Y., and the Potsdam Normal School, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Berumen spent their honeymoon in Massachusetts and Canada and will make their home in Forest Hills, L. I. Mr. Berumen has resumed his teaching in the La Forge-Berumen Studios.

FAMOUS CARMEN DIES AT LUCERNE

(Continued from page 61)

order of the Paris Opéra-Comique. Her popularity increased, and she was even offered a contract to star in dramatic productions.

Singing later in Budapest she was complimented by Wagner on her performance of Senta in "The Flying Dutchman," and the season of 1876-1877 found Miss Hauk a member of the Berlin Opera. She became very popular there, but was the victim of much professional jealousy and she was glad to leave at the end of the season, giving as a reason, the refusal of the intendant to produce "Carmen" for her.

MISS HAUK then sang at the Monnaie in Brussels, but took French leave after one performance as Marguerite in "Faust" owing to backstage cabals, and went to Holland. Acting on behalf of the Monnaie management, Strakosch followed her to Holland and persuaded her to return, holding out possibilities of a "Carmen" production as an inducement. Her success as the Bizet heroine was emphatic, and she remained in Brussels during that season.

Mapleson brought his company to America soon after, and Miss Hauk opened his American season as Violetta in "La Traviata" in the Academy of Music, New York. The same month she appeared as Carmen in the American première of the opera in the same theatre. Especially interested in "Manon," which had made a sensation in Paris, she was the first to sing the role outside of the French capital, doing so in Prague in 1885, and at the American première in the New York Academy of Music in 1885.

Miss Hauk's only season at the Metropolitan Opera House was that of 1890-1891, when she sang Selika in "L'Africaine" and "Carmen."

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

(Continued from page 10)

nature as well as the Celt's mystic susceptibilities to its unfoldments. And yet this Celt dwelt in New England and it was the savor of New England that he absorbed and reproduced. I do not believe that Edward MacDowell—whatever the extent and profundity of his Celtic inheritance—could have been musically just what he was anywhere except in America. This Americanism of his art is hard to capture and define. But it is manifest to the sentient spirit. And it is permanent and influential and assuaging as jazz and its rout are not.

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THE MOCKERY OF PIERROT

(Continued from page 28)

original melody has a beguiling originality but this goes for little because one is at a loss to know its purpose. Moreover, one is never clear as to just what the melody is, or was. The piece as a whole gives one strongly the impression that there is a more or less definite programmatic scheme behind it. The title, "Vitebsk," isn't enough—or wasn't enough for our own wits—to put one on the track of this programme, if any. Mr. Copland evidently either mistakenly thought it was, or was too sensitive or diffident about the romantic implications in acknowledging anything more expansive to do so. Composers generally—and not among the modernists alone—seem curiously and, we believe, foolishly to shrink from letting an audience know what has been in their minds whilst writing their music. More often than not they thus defeat their own ends. With a little more of a clue to what he was driving at we feel certain Mr. Copland's trio would have become effectively interesting and not, as it was, merely puzzling.

Mr. Giesecking did some major piano playing in the Copland piece, ably seconded by Messrs. Onou and Maas, first violin and 'cello of the Pro-Arte Quartet of Brussels, which latter also accounted for Arnold Schoenberg's quartet with voice, the opus 10, in which Ruth Rodgers, contralto, sang the verses of Stefan Georg in the last two movements. The quartet was done here by the League in January, 1924.

• • •

If one were looking for a modernist whose romanticism might specially confound the airy disavowals of some of his fellows, probably none would fill the requirements any more neatly than Gian Francesco Malipiero. We lately discussed him and some of his music at considerable length in Musical America, but his "Pauses of Silence," long absent from any program hereabouts, was played once more about a week ago and it restamped Malipiero as a little prince of romanticism, modernist or not.

Indeed, one would have to go back to Berlioz himself to match Malipiero in this piece. Its very title is already spooky and its scheme is nothing else than a counterpart in music of a volume of Barbey d'Aurevilly's tales—or Edgar Allan Poe's, for that matter. A binding motif or motto connects the seven "symphonic expressions" whose flow, presumably in the general "silence" of the title whilst the several macabre outbursts that interrupt this flow are the "pauses" in the "silence." There is a cleverly contrived suggestion of something eerie, fantastic, strange, in each of the episodes but we imagine anyone would have to be peculiarly susceptible to be afflicted with "awful horror" over them, as Mr. Henry Prunier says he was.

They were brought to the attention of New York once more by Bernardino Molinari as part of the single program he

directed at the head of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra preceding the arrival of Arturo Toscanini. He played the Malipiero "symphonic expressions" with the right touch for the essential orchestral quirk in each of them. Indeed, his appearance here as a guest of the Philharmonic was a thoroughly delightful, if brief interlude. In a long program (he is given to that sort) which held both Ottorino Respighi and Igor Stravinsky ("The Pines of Rome" and "Petrovshka") as well as Malipiero, and Vivaldi and Beethoven besides, this Italian again made one regret that one isn't given the opportunity to listen to him oftener. He has exceptional gifts as a conductor and they take him to the heart of most of the music he plays.



ARTHUR MIDDLETON

FAMOUS BARITONE DIES AT FORTY-EIGHT

ARTHUR MIDDLETON, one of the most prominent American baritones, died in Chicago of Bright's disease on February 16. He was forty-eight years old.

Mr. Middleton was born in Logan, Iowa. As a young boy he showed exceptional aptitude for memorizing, and in school performances was frequently called on both for recitations and songs. By the time he was fourteen he had attracted local attention as a singer.

In the course of his first Metropolitan season Mr. Middleton was cast for thirty-five performances, singing in "Lohengrin," "Das Rheingold," "Parsifal," "Aida," "Carmen," "Faust" and other operas.

It was in concert and oratorio, however, that Mr. Middleton was at his best, and in recent years he gave many recitals with Paul Althouse, tenor.

A son and a daughter survive him.